

MILLENNIUM HYMNS



Published by Good News Enterprise

MILLENNIUM HYMNS

Produced for: Reformed Baptist Churches Malaysia (RBCM)

Compiled by: Boon-Sing Poh

Typeset by Boon-Sing Poh, using TeXworks, the memoir class.

ISBN: 978-983-9180-30-5

First edition: 2004

Second edition: 2019

Published by:



GOOD NEWS ENTERPRISE, 52 Jalan SS 21/2,
Damansara Utama, 47400 Petaling Jaya, Malaysia.

www.rbcm.net; www.ghmag.net

Printed by:

James Aries Printing Sdn. Bhd., 40 Jalan TPK 2/5,
Taman Perindustrian Kinrara, 47100 Petaling Jaya, Malaysia.

Contents

PREFACE	iv
1 God the Father; The Trinity	1
2 God the Son; The Church	25
3 The Holy Spirit; The Word	49
4 Response to God's Word	72
4.1 Gospel Call; Repentance; Submission	72
4.2 Trust; Thanksgiving; Consecration	87
4.3 Service; Fellowship; Missions	101
4.4 Guidance; Judgement; Heaven	115
4.5 Afflictions; Conflicts; Trials	130
5 Special Occasions	144
5.1 Christ's Birth	144
5.2 Baptism (Also 4.1; 4.2)	156
5.3 The Lord's Supper (Also 2; 4.2; 4.3; 4.4)	159
5.4 Marriage (Also 1; 2; 3; 4.2)	162
5.5 Dismission; Parting; Doxology (Also 4.2; 4.3; 4.4; 4.5)	165
5.6 Death (Also 4.1; 4.2; 4.4; 4.5)	169
The Apostles' Creed	175
Index Of First Lines	176

PREFACE

Preface To This Edition

Fifteen years have flown past since this hymn book was first published. This slightly expanded edition brings the number of hymns to 300 compared to the 276 in the first edition. A few of the hymns have been left out while others have been added, bringing the total to the current optimum number. It is expected that this edition will serve our churches for many years to come, while we focus on church planting, consolidation, and the training of gospel workers. Conceivably, an edition with music scores will be produced as the Lord enables.

We thank all our church members and friends for fellowship in the gospel. May the triune God have all the glory as His kingdom extends.

Boon-Sing Poh, Kuala Lumpur (2019).

Preface To The First Edition (2004)

This modest hymn book has taken us more than 10 years to compile. We had wanted to release it at the turn of the new millennium, and had given it the prospective name of "Millennium Hymns". The busyness of the ministry soon made it clear that we would not be able to complete it on time. It is with great relief and thanksgiving that we now release it. It seems best that we give the rationale for this project in the form of questions and answers.

1 Why should you produce a new hymn book when a number of good ones are available?

English is not the first language of many people in this country (of Malaysia). We, therefore, use the New King James Version of the Bible instead of one in old English. Since we use a Bible that is in modern English, we wish also to sing hymns in modern English. When this project was started, we knew of no satisfying hymn book containing hymns in modern English alone.

2 What criteria governed the choice of the hymns?

We have included the well-known hymns, from a broad spectrum of the evangelical world, which require little or no editing into modern English. Our interest is in the rich theological content of the hymns. Hymns by modern composers have been included to enrich the pool.

3 Is the number of hymns in this book sufficient for use?

We believe the over 270 hymns in this book are sufficient for use in most congregations. A typical congregation uses about 150 hymns each year, with some hymns chosen more often than others. A larger hymn book of, say, 700 hymns, will naturally provide a bigger pool of hymns to choose from, but it also makes the process of choosing somewhat more difficult because of its sheer number.

4 Wouldn't some people miss their favourite hymns which are not included in this book?

It is impossible to cater to the taste of everyone. Good, time-tested, hymns that have been owned by God to the edification of His people and the advancement of His kingdom, are a rich heritage of the church. Individuals may still sing their favourite hymns in their homes, and on special occasions.

5 What principles governed the revision of the hymns?

The revision is always towards improvement in intelligibility or doctrine. The popular hymn, "Be Thou my vision", has been improved by toning down its mysticism and injecting it with a reference to the atonement. A new verse has been added to the hymn, "This is my Father's world", to make it more balanced doctrinally. Many hymns do not require any change. Others require only the replacement of archaic words with modern ones. Changes more than such simple replacements are indicated by an asterisk (*) after the name of hymn writer. In all such changes, we have endeavoured to keep as closely as possible to the original meaning, sentiment, or theme. Occasionally, apparently quaint words and expressions are retained due to "poetic licence" (e.g. yea, nay, nigh) or biblical usage (e.g. wormwood and gall, double cure, on high, Ebenezer).

6 Wouldn't some familiar hymns sound odd with changes made to them?

It certainly would to those who have been used to singing them in the unaltered versions. But it wouldn't be to first-generation Christians and Christians weaned from a diet of modern choruses and gospel songs. One can easily adapt, especially when possessed with a sympathetic spirit. It is to be noted that we are not the first to engage in the revision of hymns. John Wesley revised Isaac Watts's "Before Jehovah's throne", and John Rippon revised Edward Perronet's "All hail the power of Jesus' name!" Many other examples may be provided.

7 Why aren't all the Psalms represented?

We believe the book of Psalms is primarily Scripture to us, although it was the song book of the people of God in the Old Testament time. As with other portions of Scripture – be they historical, prophetic, poetic, or didactic in nature – it is meant

to reveal God and His will to us. Therefore, there is no compelling reason for us to sing every psalm, nor only psalms. We may put any doctrine, and any portion of Scripture – including the psalms – to song. We have a selection of over fifty psalms in this book, which constitute 19% of the total number of items. This is no small number compared to most hymn books.

8 Shouldn't we sing only the psalms found in the book of Psalms?

We believe that the Regulative Principle, which requires that we serve and worship God in accordance to the commands of Scripture, should be applied to singing in the church. (The alternative view, which may be called the Permissive Principle, states that all things are permissible as long as they are not forbidden by Scripture.)

We reject the rigid – and in our opinion, wrong – application of the Regulative Principle, which requires that only the psalms in the book of Psalms be sung by Christians today. According to this view, the expression "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs" (Eph. 5:19; Col. 3:16) is a reference to the psalms in the book of Psalms, in the same way that "the commandments, the statutes, and the judgements" (Dt. 5:31; 7:11) is a reference to the law of God. It is further argued that the psalms are also referred to as songs (titles of Ps. 65; 122; etc.), and that the "hymn" sung by the Lord after instituting the Lord's Supper was one of the psalms (Mt. 26:30).

Over and against that view, we believe that the "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs" (Eph. 5:19; Col. 3:16) are distinct categories of songs, as indicated by the "and" between the categories. Spiritual songs were composed throughout the history of God's people in praise of God. Moses composed a song when the Israelites crossed over the Red Sea (Ex. 15:1). He composed another song near the end of his life (Dt. 31:22, 30; 32:44). Another of his songs is incorporated in the book

of Psalms (Ps. 90). Deborah wrote a song (Judg. 4:4; 5:1). King Solomon composed one thousand and five songs (1 K. 4:32), at least some of which were incorporated in the book of Psalms (Ps. 72; 127). The prophet Habakkuk wrote a song, which seemed to have been sung in worship (Hab. 3:1, 19). Spiritual songs were composed for worship in keeping with the revelation of God's word, which occurred progressively.

With this tradition of writing songs of worship, it is quite certain that the Jews during the inter-testamental period composed songs which later became known as "hymns", while the early Christians composed songs known simply as "spiritual songs". Before the coming of our Lord on earth, the Greek-speaking Jews were already using the Septuagint (Greek Old Testament). The hymns and spiritual songs would most likely have been sung in Greek instead of Hebrew. The expression, "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs", in the New Testament thus makes perfect sense. Then, it is to be noted that the heavenly host sing "a new song" in praise of the Lord who has redeemed His people and is now seated on the throne (Rev. 5:31; 14:3). If we are going to sing a new song in heaven, surely it is right for us to sing new songs on earth, apart from the psalms and other hymns composed through the centuries.

If we sing only the psalms, we are unnecessarily restricting ourselves to a limited portion of God's revelation. The book of Psalms cannot be regarded as a summary of the whole Bible in the same way that the Ten Commandments are a summary of the whole of God's moral law. New revelations were given after the writing of the book of Psalms – revelations on the Holy Spirit, the atonement, the church, the preaching of the gospel, the judgement, etc. (Eph. 3:9-10; Col. 1:26-27; Heb. 1:1-2; 1 Pet. 1:10-12).

9 What, then, is the relevance of the Regulative Principle to singing in worship?

It is relevant in three ways. Firstly, the songs we sing must be "spiritual" (Eph. 5:19; Col. 3:16), i.e. containing the truths of Scripture, and directing the mind heavenwards.

Secondly, the book of Psalms, which originally was the song book of God's people, sets the pattern for the songs we compose. As to content, the psalms are doctrinally rich, predominantly God-centred, and structured with flow in thought rather than being repetitious. As to form, they are poems arranged in metre so as to be singable to appropriate tunes. Psalms 39, 62, and 77 were sung to the tune "Jeduthun", Psalms 57, 58, 59 and 75 were sung to "Do Not Destroy", and Psalms 60, 69 and 80 were sung to "The Lilies". Other tunes are "Death of the Son" (Ps. 9), "The Deer of the Dawn" (Ps. 22), "Mahalath" (Ps. 53), and "The Silent Dove In Distant Lands" (Ps. 56).

Thirdly, congregational singing should predominate instead of the music, the instruments, or presentations by individuals or groups. Although the names of tunes are mentioned in the book of Psalms, the tunes have not been preserved for us, showing that the words are more important. In heaven, the singing is to the accompaniment of music (Rev. 5:8; 14:2), but the tunes are not mentioned. Instead, the words are emphasised (Rev. 5:9, 12; 14). We are to worship God together, and not to entertain one another.

10 How closely should we follow the words of the psalms as found in the Bible when singing them?

With the well-known hymn writer, Isaac Watts, we believe in the legitimacy of divesting the psalms of the language of types and shadows, and replacing them with the language of fulfilled prophecies. This is in keeping with the singing in heaven, where "the song of Moses" has become "the song of the Lamb" (Rev. 15:3). Of course, we have left unaltered some psalms, and other hymns, in which are deliberate Old Testament allusions.

11 What sort of tunes may we use in worship?

The tune should express the mood of the words well. It should be subservient to the words, helping in the singing, and not distracting the mind from the words. Most of the metrical hymns handed down to us are sung to tunes specially composed for singing in worship. Some tunes have been borrowed from folk songs. For example, the hymn, "What Child is this, who, laid to rest", is sung to an old English melody (of before 1642) called "Greensleeves". These tunes, which are of universal appeal, have come largely from western cultures. They have been used in churches of other cultures to sing the translated hymns.

As the church extends in the world, hymns are being composed in other cultures which would in due time be translated into English. An example is, "O thou my soul, forget no more", written by the Indian Christian, Krishna Pal (1764-1822) who was converted under the ministry of William Carey, which has been translated into English by Joshua Marshman. This hymn may be sung to tunes in the long metre. It is conceivable that tunes from other cultures, not just lyrics, in due time will be used in the English-speaking world. We are aware that some tunes can be appreciated only by people who are immersed in the particular culture from which they arise, and are therefore of limited appeal. In the Chinese culture, for example, there are a number of distinct categories of folk tunes, including the *huangmei diao* (which originated from the province of Guangxi), the *geju* (or Chinese opera music), the *shange* (or mountain songs), and the *minyao* (or folk songs). While the first of these has been used by Chinese Christians in Taiwan, it is doubtful that it will be appreciated by other cultures. The last of these, however, has the potential of being appreciated universally.

12 What is your view concerning the singing of gospel songs?

The so-called gospels songs are written and sung in the style of pop-songs which arise from a culture that is largely anti-God and licentious. They are often sung to the accompaniment of the electric guitar and the pop-band. The tunes of well-known pop-songs have also been adopted to sing such gospel songs. We do not deny that it is possible to enjoy pure entertainment within this larger pop-culture. However, it is extremely unwise, and contrary to the teaching of Scripture (Gal. 5:16-17; Col. 2:23; 1 Thess. 5:22; 2 Cor. 6:14-18), to associate the worship of God with a decadent culture that is given over to entertainment and sensuality. It is often argued that the great Reformer, Martin Luther, advocated the use of tunes from the taverns of his day to sing spiritual songs. That cannot be substantiated. That idea was thrown up in mischief by those who are clutching at straws to support their weak case. Gospel songs are not suitable for congregational worship.

13 What about the modern choruses, may we use them?

The refrain in a hymn, often also called the chorus, must not be confused with modern choruses. We have no problem with such refrain, when sung as part of the hymn.

Modern choruses developed from the earlier attempts by Christians to produce simple songs for use among children. In keeping with the inclination of the world towards the visual, sensual and subjective – over against words, reading and thinking – choruses began to be used by Christian youths, then by Christian adults. (See, for example, the three volumes of Choruses published by Children's Special Service Mission, London, in 1921 & 1936, 1938, and 1959.)

There has been a failure to distinguish between being childlike in our faith and being childish, and between what is simple with what is simplistic. Students in colleges and universities begin to sing Sunday School songs, complete with the actions.

Youths in churches begin to clamour for choruses which are sung repetitiously to stir up the feelings. Now, simplistic choruses, devoid of any significant doctrinal content, are being sung repetitiously to loud or sentimental music, accompanied by body-swaying and hand-clapping, or upraised hands. The unsuitability of such songs, such singing, and such music, for worship is obvious from the fact that, in churches where these are adopted, a traditional hymn is often called for before the hearing of the message. This is tacit admission that only traditional hymns are suited to preparing the people for the hearing of God's word (which may be regarded as the highest act of worship).

14 Does all this mean that we are confined to singing only the older hymns?

That is not the case. We have deliberately included in this book hymns written by present-day writers. Some of these hymns may be sung to new tunes specially composed for them (e.g. "Behold, the days are coming" is sung to the tune, "Hunters Green"), or to tunes taken from folk songs (e.g. "Spirit of God who moved holy men", is sung to "Skye Boat Song"), or to tunes adapted from suitable secular songs (e.g. "My God is good, He gave me life in Christ", is sung to "The Exodus Song").

While not wanting to discourage the genuinely gifted from writing hymns, we must remember "not to think of our ourselves more highly than we ought to think" (Rom. 12:3). A qualified hymn writer should possess the following qualities: a good command of the language, the ability to write poetry, a good grasp of theology, mature Christian experience (preferably a pastor), and a musical mind (if not musically trained). It is obviously hard to find a combination of all these qualities in too many individuals. It follows that we should not expect to find many who are able to produce quality hymns.

We thank God for giving gifted individuals to the church. We

are thankful for the heritage of good hymns already available to us. Singing in worship is only one aspect of our Christian life, albeit an important and privileged one. Let us press on in our service to God, whatever the sphere of service may be. Let us all sing heartily to our God!

B. S. Poh, Kuala Lumpur (2004).

Acknowledgement

The publisher and compiler wish to thank the following for permission to use their copyrighted items:

- 1 The Wakeman Trust for No. 179, 215, 219, 227, 278 from "The Evangelical Psalter", and hymn versions No. 18, 101, 172, 204, 213, 247, 270, 273, 280, taken from "Psalms & Hymns of Reformed Worship".
- 2 John Goris for No. 98, 139, 163, 178, 209, 246, 256, 275, 276. Thanks are due to him also for helpful suggestions in the hymn revisions of this book.
- 3 W. Vernon Higham for No. 19, 127, 187, 208, 217, 277.
- 4 Kenneth A. Puls for No. 104, 114, 118, 173, 176. Thanks are due to him also for permission to use the tunes which he composed.
- 5 International Music Publications Ltd. (London) for permission to use, and publish, the tune "The Exodus Song", composed by Ernest Gold.

We also acknowledge our obligation to the following: George Bernard for No. 69; Thomas O. Chilsom for No. 9; Frederic

Goldsmith French for No. 184; Stuart Hine for No. 20; Frank Houghton for No. 175, 265; Richard B. Hoyle for No. 80; Katherine Agnes May Kelly for No. 125; Adelaide A. Pollard for No. 95; and Francis Harold Rawley for No. 154.

Unattributed items are copyright of the compiler of this volume. Thanks are due to Robyn Liew for her painstaking effort in checking the first edition of this hymn book, in preparation for the present edition. Remaining errors are the responsibility of this compiler.

The contents of this book have been culled mainly from Psalms & Hymns of Reformed Worship (The Wakeman Trust), Grace Hymns (Grace Publications Trust), Hymns of Faith (Scripture Union), and Revival Hymns and Choruses (Bible-Presbyterian Banner). Any inadvertent omission in this acknowledgement is regretted, and will be put right to the best of our ability when notified.

1 God the Father; The Trinity

1

Ps 100

LM

Before Jehovah's awesome throne,
You nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and He destroy.

2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay and formed us men;
And when, like wand'ring sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Your name?

4 We'll crowd Your gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Your courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Your command,
Vast as eternity Your love;
Firm as a rock Your truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748
alt John Wesley, 1703-91

2

Ps 89:2

CM

Begin my tongue a heav'nly theme,
Of boundless wonders sing:
The mighty works and holy name
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His love abroad;
Sing of the promises of grace,
And the fulfilling Lord.

3 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

4 He who can dash the stars to death,
And make them as He please;

He speaks, and that almighty
breath
Fulfil His great decrees.

5 O, might I hear His heav'nly
tongue
But whisper, "You are mine!"
Those gentle words should
raise my song
To notes almost divine.

6 How would my leaping
heart rejoice,
And think my heav'n secure!
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

3

Ps 68:1

664.666.4

Come, O Almighty King,
Help us Your name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Come, O Incarnate Word,
Gird on Your mighty sword,
Our pray'r attend:
Come and Your people bless,
And give Your word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Your sacred witness bear

In this glad hour:
Spiritual sight impart,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of pow'r.

4 To the great One-in-Three
Eternal praises be,
Now, evermore:
His sov'reign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Martin Madan, 1726-90*

4

Ps 133:3

LM

Command Your blessing
from above,
O God! on all assembled here:
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial
fear.

2 Command Your blessing,
Jesus, Lord!
May we Your true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the
mighty word,
Say to the weakest, "Follow
Me".

3 Command Your blessing in
this hour,
Spirit of Truth! and fill the
place
With humbling and exalting
pow'r,

1. God the Father; The Trinity

With quick'ning and
confirming grace.

4 O Lord, our Maker, Saviour,
Guide,
One true eternal God
confessed,
May nought in life or death
divide
The saints in Your communion
blessed.

5 With You and Yours for ever
found,
May all the souls who here
unite,
With harps and songs Your
throne surround,
Rest in Your love, and reign in
light.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854

5

Ps 136

LM

Give to our God immortal
praise;
Mercy and truth are all His
ways:
Wonders of grace to God
belong,
Repeat His mercies in your
song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords
renown,
The King of kings with glory
crown:

His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are
known no more.

3 He built the earth, He
spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on
high:
Wonders of grace to God
belong,
Repeat His mercies in your
song.

4 He fills the sun with
morning light,
He bids the moon direct the
night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall
shine no more.

5 He sent His Son with pow'r
to save
From guilt, and darkness and
the grave:
Wonders of grace to God
belong,
Repeat His mercies in your
song.

6 Through this vain world He
guides our feet,
And leads us to His heav'nly
seat:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be
no more.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

6

1 Chr 16:29

87.87.47

Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One:
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run!

2 Glory be to Him who loved
us,
Washed us from each spot and
stain;
Glory be to Him who bought
us,
Made us kings with Him to
reign:
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was
slain!

3 Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the church's King,
Glory to the King of nations,
Heav'n and earth your praises
bring.
Glory, glory,
To the King of glory bring!

4 Glory, blessing, praise
eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings;
Honour, riches, pow'r,
dominion:
Thus its praise creation brings.
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings!

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89

7

Rm 11:33

CM

God moves in a mysterious
way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the
sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright
designs,
And works His sov'reign will.

3 O fearful saints, fresh
courage take;
The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall
break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble
sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter
taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

William Cowper, 1731-1800

1. God the Father; The Trinity

8

Mic 7:18

88.88.88

Great God of wonders! all
Your ways
Are matchless, godlike, and
divine;
But the fair glories of Your
grace,
More godlike and unrivalled
shine:

*Who is like You, God of mercy?
Or who has grace so rich and
free?*

2 In wonder lost, with
trembling joy,
We take the pardon of our
God,
Pardon for sins of deepest dye,
A pardon bought with Jesus's
blood:

3 O may this strange, this
wondrous grace,
This matchless miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with
grateful praise
And all the ang'lic choirs
above:

Samuel Davies, 1723-61 *

9

Ps 36:5; Lam 3:22-23

Irreg

Great is Your faithfulness, O
God my Father;

No shadow of turning with
You I see;
You who change not, Your
compassions, they fail not;
as You have been You forever
will be.

*Great is Your faithfulness!
Great is Your faithfulness!
Morning by morning new
mercies I see:
All I have needed Your hand
has provided—
Great is Your faithfulness, Lord,
unto me!*

2 Summer and winter and
springtime and harvest,
Sun, moon, and stars in their
courses above
Join with all nature in
manifold witness
To Your great faithfulness,
mercy, and love.

3 Pardon for sin and a peace
that endures on,
Your own dear presence to
cheer and to guide,
Strength for today and bright
hope for tomorrow,
Blessings all mine, with ten
thousand beside!

Thomas O. Chisholm, 1866-1960

10

Isa 6:3

887.887.4448

Hallelujah! Let praises ring!
To God the Father let us bring

Our songs of adoration.
To Him through everlasting
days
Be worship, honour, pow'r and
praise,
Whose hand sustains creation.
Singing, ringing:
Holy, holy,
God is holy;
Spread the story
Of our God, the Lord of glory.

2 Hallelujah! Let praises ring!
Unto the Lamb of God we
sing,
In whom we are elected.
He bought His church with
His own blood,
He cleansed her in the bless'ed
flood,
And as His bride selected.
Holy, holy,
Is our union
And communion.
His befriending
Gives us joy and peace
unending.

3 Hallelujah! Let praises ring!
Unto the Holy Spirit sing
For our regeneration.
The saving faith in us He
wrought
And us unto the Bridegroom
brought,
Made us His chosen nation.
Glory! Glory!
Joy eternal,
Bliss supernal;
There is manna
And an endless, glad hosanna.

4 Hallelujah! Let praises ring!
Unto our Triune God we sing;
Blest be His name for ever!
With angel hosts let us adore
And sing His praises more and
more
For all His grace and favour!
Singing, ringing:
Holy, holy,
God is holy;
Spread the story
Of our God, the Lord of glory!

Unknown, 1698.
Composer, Philipp Nicolai,
1556-1608

11

Ps 36

LM

High in the heav'ns, eternal
God,
Your goodness in full glory
shines;
Your truth shall break through
every cloud
That veils and darkens Your
designs.

2 For ever firm Your justice
stands,
As mountains their
foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Your
hands,
Your judgements are a mighty
deep.

3 Your providence is kind and
large,
Both man and beast Your
bounty share;

1. God the Father; The Trinity

The whole creation is Your
charge,
But saints are still Your special
care.

4 My God, how excellent Your
grace,
From which our hopes and
comforts spring!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of Your
wing.

5 From the provisions of Your
house
We shall on truth eternal dine;
Here mercy like a river flows,
Bearing us pleasures all
divine.

6 Life, like a fountain rich and
free,
Springs from the presence of
the Lord;
And in Your light our souls
shall see
Your glories promised in Your
word.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

12

Rev 4:8

11.12.12.10

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God
Almighty!
Gratefully adoring, our songs
shall ever be;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and
mighty,

God in three Persons, bless'ed
Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the
saints shall e'er be
Casting down their golden
crowns around the glassy
sea;
Cherubim and seraphim
falling down rev'rently
Before Him who was, is, and
ever shall be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though how
dark it may be,
Though the eye of sinful man
Your glory may not see,
There is none beside You who
is truly holy,
Perfect in pow'r, in love and
purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God
Almighty!
All Your works shall praise
Your name, in earth, and
sky, and sea:
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and
mighty,
God in three Persons, bless'ed
Trinity!

Reginald Heber, 1783-1826*

13

Ps 122

668.668

How pleased and blest was I
To hear the people cry,

Come, let us seek our God
today!
Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and
homage pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place!
Adorned with wondrous
grace,
And walls of strength embrace
you round;
In you our tribes appear,
To pray and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful
sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fixed His royal throne,
He sits for grace and
judgement there;
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with
fear.

4 May peace attend your gate,
And joy within you wait,
To bless the soul of every
guest;
The man that seeks your
peace,
And wishes your increase,
A thousand blessings on him
rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
Peace to this sacred house,
For there my friends and
kindred dwell!
And, since my glorious God
Makes you His blest abode,

My soul shall ever love you
well!

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

14

Ps 8:1

CM

I sing th' almighty pow'r of
God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas
abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that
ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His
command,
And all the stars obey.

3 There's not a plant or flow'r
below
But makes Your glories
known;
And clouds arise and tempests
blow
By order from Your throne.

4 Creatures, as num'rous as
they be,
Are subject to Your care;
There's not a place where we
can flee
But God is present there.

5 His mighty wonders are
displayed
Where'er I turn my eye,

1. God the Father; The Trinity

If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze into the sky.

6 His hand is for ever my
guard,
His eye gives guidance clear;
Why should I, then, forget the
Lord,
Whose love is ever near?

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

15

Ps 40

CM

I waited for the Lord my God
And patiently did bear;
At length to me He did incline
My voice and cry to hear.

2 He took me from a fearful
pit
And from the miry clay,
And on a rock He set my feet,
Establishing my way.

3 He put a new song in my
mouth,
Our God to magnify;
Many shall see it, and shall
fear,
And on the Lord rely.

4 O bless'ed is the man whose
trust
Upon the Lord relies,
Respecting not the proud, nor
such
As turn aside to lies.

5 O Lord my God, full many
are
The wonders You have done;
Your gracious thoughts to
us-ward far
Above all thoughts are gone.

6 Your tender mercies, Lord,
from me
O do You not restrain;
Your lovingkindness, and Your
truth,
Let them me still maintain.

Scottish Psalter, 1650

16

Ps 146

888.888

I'll praise my Maker while
I've breath;
And when my voice is lost in
death
Praise shall employ my nobler
pow'rs:
My days of praise shall ne'er
be past,
While life and thought and
being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy are they whose hopes
rely
On Israel's God; He made the
sky,
And earth, and seas, with all
their train:
His Truth for ever stands
secure;

He saves th' oppressed, He
feeds the poor,
And none shall find His
promise vain.

3 The Lord gives eyesight to
the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting
mind;
He sends the lab'ring
conscience peace:
He helps the stranger in
distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'oner sweet
release.

4 I'll praise Him while He
gives me breath,
And when my voice is lost in
death,
Praise shall employ my nobler
pow'rs;
My days of praise shall ne'er
be past,
While life, and thought, and
being last,
Or immortality endures.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

17

Ps 46 88.88.88.88

Jerusalem city of God,
Whose streams of living water
flow;
Make glad the saints with God
their Lord,
Redeemed by blood their
hearts aglow.

Though nations rage and
kingdoms move,
Though Satan's lies on us
deluge,
The Lord of host is e'er with
us,
The God of Jacob our refuge.

2 Is not our God the refuge,
strength,
And present help amidst
trouble?
Though earth be moved, the
mountains shake,
The sea may roar, that all
marvel;
Though pain, though trials,
and sorrows come,
Though Satan hurls his
subterfuge;
The Lord of host is e'er with
us,
The God of Jacob our refuge.

3 Behold the works of God on
earth,
Behold the desolations done.
He makes the wars to cease,
and breaks
The bow, and spear, the
chariots none.
Be still, and know that I am
God;
When obstacles appear so
huge,
The Lord of host is e'er with
us,
The God of Jacob our refuge.

Bronson Paul, 1954-

18

Ps 148

CM

Let every creature join and
sing
To praise th' eternal God;
O heav'nly hosts, the song
begin,
And sound His name abroad.

2 He made the sun and stars
above,
And fixed their ordered frame;
By His command they stand or
move,
And ever show His name.

3 By all His works below,
above,
His honours are expressed,
But they who taste His saving
love
Should sing His praises best.

4 Wonder and awe by all be
shown,
His pow'r and love to raise;
God is the Lord, His name
alone
Deserves our endless praise.

5 Let nature's myriad works of
art
The hand divine attest;
But they who live so near His
heart,
Must sing His praises best.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

19

Eph 1:4

DLM

O glorious Majesty on high,
Eternal splendour is Your
dress,
Where seraphims for ever fly,
With songs of sweetest
holiness.
Beyond the confines of our
mind,
In realms outreaching human
sight,
In perfect blessedness we find,
By faith, Your glorious image
bright.

2 The joy of truth shines in
Your face,
Of sov'reign grace and mercy's
smile;
And in the bosom of Your
grace
Election cradled without guile.
Your perfect will becomes our
joy
When we have seen Your
heart of love;
Our eager lips we now employ
To sing the praise of God
above.

3 Your perfect plan for all Your
own
Is born in every chosen heart;
Forbid it then that we should
roam,
Or ever seek from You to part.
To You predestined to
conform,

And bear Your image in our
lives,
With glorious gown and
shining crown,
And all this from Your grace
derives!

4 Who brings this grace unto
the dead,
With quick'ning life and
serious call?
It is the Saviour who has led
A host of souls since Adam's
fall.
With costly merit, pardon
pure,
He has redeemed His chosen
flock;
The faith He gives will now
endure,
And stand forever on this
Rock.

William Vernon Higham, 1926-2016

20

Ps 104:16 11.10.11.10.+

O Lord my God! When I in
awesome wonder
Consider all the works Your
hand has made,
I see the stars, I hear the
mighty thunder,
Your pow'r throughout the
universe displayed;

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour
God, to You,
How great You are! How great
You are!*

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour
God, to You,
How great You are! How great
You are!*

2 When through the woods
and forest glades I wander
And hear the birds sing
sweetly in the trees;
When I look down from lofty
mountain grandeur,
And hear the brook, and feel
the gentle breeze;

3 And when I think that God
His Son not sparing,
Sent Him to die – scarce can I
take it in.
That on the cross my burden
gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away
my sin:

4 When Christ shall come with
shout of acclamation
And take me home – what joy
shall fill my heart!
Then shall I bow in humble
adoration
And there proclaim, my God,
how great You are!

Russian, tr by Stuart K Hine, c 1953

21

Eph 3:17-18

LM

O love of God, how strong
and true!
Eternal and yet ever new,

1. God the Father; The Trinity

Uncomprehended and
unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all
thought.

2 O love of God, how deep
and great!
Far deeper than man's deepest
hate;
Self-fed, self-kindled like the
light,
Changeless, eternal, infinite.

3 We read You in the flow'rs,
the trees,
The freshness of the fragrant
breeze,
The songs of birds upon the
wing,
The joy of summer and of
spring.

4 We read You best in Him
who came
To bear for us the cross of
shame,
Sent by the Father from on
high,
Our life to live, our death to
die.

5 We read Your pow'r to bless
and save,
E'en in the darkness of the
grave;
Still more in resurrection light
We read the fulness of Your
might.

6 O love of God, our shield
and stay

Through all the perils of our
way;
Eternal love, in you we rest,
Forever safe, forever blest!

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89

22

Ps 150

55.55.65.65

O praise now the Lord!
Praise Him in the height;
Rejoice in His word,
O angels of light;
O heavens, adore Him
By whom You were made,
And worship before Him
In brightness arrayed.

2 O praise now the Lord!
Praise Him upon earth,
In tuneful accord,
O sons of new birth;
Praise Him who has brought
you
His grace from above;
Praise Him who has taught
you
To sing of His love.

3 O praise now the Lord!
His mighty acts sound;
Let triumphant chord
Re-echo around;
His pow'r and His glory
Forth tell in deep tone,
And sweet voice the story
Of what He has done.

4 O praise now the Lord!
Thanksgiving and song
To Him be outpoured
All ages along:
For love in creation,
For heaven restored,
For grace of salvation,
O praise now the Lord!

Henry Williams Baker, 1821-77*

23

Ps 74:12

10.10.11.11

O servants of God, your
Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His
wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of
Jesus extol,
His kingdom is glorious and
rules over all.

2 God now rules on high,
almighty to save,
And still He is near, His
presence we have;
The great congregation His
triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus
our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits
on the throne!
Let all cry aloud and honour
the Son;
The praises of Jesus let angels
proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and
worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give
Him His right,
All glory and pow'r, all
wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing with
angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and
infinite love.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88

24

Isa 40:5

87.87.47

O what matchless
condescension
The eternal God displays;
Claiming our supreme
attention,
To His boundless works and
ways;
His own glory
He reveals in gospel days.

2 In the Person of the Saviour
All His majesty is seen;
Love and justice shine for
ever;
And without a veil between,
We approach Him,
And rejoice in His dear name.

3 Would we view His highest
glory,
Here it shines in Jesus's face;
Sing and tell the pleasing
story,
O you sinners saved by grace;
And with pleasure,
Bid the guilty Him embrace.

1. God the Father; The Trinity

4 In His highest work,
redemption,
See His brightest glory blaze;
Nor can angels ever mention
One that more of God
displays.
Grace and justice
Here unite to endless days.

5 O what high and solemn
pleasure,
God to view in Christ the
Lord;
Here He smiles, and smiles for
ever;
May my soul His name record,
Praise and bless Him,
And His wonders spread
abroad.

William Gadsby, 1773-1844

25

Ps 104

55.55.65.65

O worship the King,
All-glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His pow'r and His love:
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath

The deep thunder-clouds
form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

3 The earth with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty Your pow'r
Has founded of old;
Has stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it has cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

4 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In You do we trust,
Nor find You to fail;
Your mercies how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend!

5 O measureless might!
Ineffable love!
While angels delight
To hymn You above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to Your praise.

Robert Grant, 1779-1838

26

Ps 90

CM

Our God, our help in ages
past,
Our hope for years to come;

Our shelter from the stormy
blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the shadow of Your
throne
Your saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Your arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order
stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting You are God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Your
sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends
the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling
stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

6 Our God, our help in ages
past,
Our hope for years to come;
You be our guide while
troubles last,
And our eternal home.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

27

Col 1:23

LM

Praise, everlasting praise, be
paid

To Him that earth's foundation
laid;
Praise to the God whose
strong decrees
Sway all creation as He please.

2 Praise to the goodness of the
Lord,
Who rules His people by His
word,
And has, as sure as His
decrees,
Set forth the kindest promises.

3 Firm are the words the
Scriptures give,
Sweet words on which God's
children live;
Here is the very voice of God
Who spoke, and spread the
skies abroad.

4 O for a strong, a lasting
faith,
Believing all the Lord has said!
Owning the message of His
Son,
Making the joys of heav'n our
own.

5 Then, though the earth's
foundations shake,
And all the pow'rs of nature
break,
Our steadfast souls shall fear
no more
Than solid rocks when billows
roar.

6 Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the present, changing
skies,

Where the eternal Builder
reigns,
Who, risen souls, in joy,
sustains.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

28

Ps 103

87.87.47

Praise, my soul, the King of
heaven,
To His feet your tribute bring!
Ransomed, healed, restored,
forgiven,
Who like you His praise
should sing!
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King!

2 Praise Him for His grace and
favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same for
ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to
bless;
Praise Him! Praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like, He tends and
spares us;
Well our feeble frame He
knows;
In His hands He gently bears
us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Widely as His mercy flows.

4 Angels, help us to adore
Him,
Who behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon bow down
before Him,
Dwellers all in time and space;
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise with us the God of
grace.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847

29

Ps 150:6

14.14.478

Praise to the Lord, the
Almighty, the King of
creation;
O my soul, praise Him, for He
is your health and
salvation;
With joy and fear,
To God your Saviour draw
near,
Join me in glad adoration.

2 Praise to the Lord, who o'er
all things is wondrously
reigning,
Shelt'ring you under His
wings, Oh, so gently
sustaining!
Have you not seen?
All that is needful has been
Sent by His gracious
ordaining!

3 Praise to the Lord, who so
prosperes your work and
defends you!

Surely His goodness and
mercy here daily attend
you;
Ponder anew,
What the Almighty will do,
If with His love He befriends
you.

4 Praise to the Lord! O let all
that is in me adore Him!
All that has life and breath,
come now with praises
before Him!

Let the Amen
Sound from His people again;
Gladly always we adore Him.

Joachim Neander, 1650-80
tr Catherine Winkworth, 1827-78*

30

Isa 6:1-3

87.87.D

Round the Lord in glory
seated
Cherubim and seraphim
Filled His temple, and
repeated
Each to each th' alternate
hymn:

*Lord, Your glory fills the
heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto You be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!*

2 Heav'n is still with glory
ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,

Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Lord of hosts, You Lord most
high!

3 With His seraph train before
Him,
With His ransomed church
below,
Thus agree we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

Richard Mant, 1776-1848

31

Ps 34:1

77.77

Songs of praise the angels
sang,
Heav'n with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spoke, and it was
done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the
morn,
When the Prince of Peace was
born:
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heav'n and earth must pass
away,
Songs of praise shall crown
that day;
God will make new heav'ns
and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their
birth.

1. God the Father; The Trinity

4 And shall man alone be
dumb
Till that glorious kingdom
come?
No; the church delights to
raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs
of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and
voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and
love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest
breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer
death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their pow'rs
employ.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854

32

Eccl 3:1

77.77

Sov'reign Ruler of the skies!
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in Your hand,
All events at Your command.

2 He that formed me in the
womb,
He shall guide me to the
tomb;
All my times shall ever be
Ordered by His wise decree.

3 Times of sickness, times of
health;
Times of poverty and wealth,
Times of tri'al and of grief,
Times of tri'umph and relief.

4 Times the tempter's pow'r to
prove;
Times to taste a Saviour's love:
All must come, and last, and
end,
As shall please my heav'nly
Friend.

5 Plagues and deaths around
me fly,
Till He bids I cannot die:
Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love thinks fit.

6 O You gracious, wise and
just,
In Your hands my life I trust:
You, at all times, will I bless;
Having You, I all possess.

John Ryland, 1753-1825

33

Ps 92

LM

Sweet is the work, my God,
my King,
To praise Your name, give
thanks, and sing;
To show Your love by morning
light,
And talk of all Your truth at
night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred
rest,
Nor mortal care shall seize my
breast;
O, may my heart in tune be
found,
Like David's harp of solemn
sound.

3 My heart shall tri'umph in
the Lord,
And bless His works, and bless
His word;
Your works of grace, how
bright they shine!
How deep Your counsels, how
divine!

4 Then shall I share a glorious
part
When grace has well refined
my heart;
And fresh supplies of joy are
shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my
head.

5 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no
more;
My inward foes shall all be
slain,
Nor Satan break my peace
again.

6 Then shall I see, and hear,
and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every pow'r find sweet
employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

34

Gal 3:7

6684.D

The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love.
Jehovah, great I AM!
By earth and heav'n
confessed;
We bow and bless the sacred
name,
For ever blest.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth we rise, and seek
the joys
At His right hand.
We all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r;
And Him our only portion
make,
Our Shield and Tow'r.

3 He by Himself has sworn:
We on His oath depend;
We shall on eagles' wings
upborne,
To heav'n ascend;
We shall behold His face,
We shall His pow'r adore,
And sing the wonders of His
grace
For evermore.

4 The whole triumphant
throng
Aburst with praise on high:
"Hail, God Triune, Father and
Son and Spirit," cry.

1. God the Father; The Trinity

Hail, Abraham's God and ours!
We join the heav'nly lays;
And celebrate with all our
pow'rs,
His endless praise.

Thomas Olivers, 1725-99*

35

Rev 19:6

LM

The Lord is King! lift up your
voice,
O earth, and all you heav'ns,
rejoice;
From world to world the joy
shall ring,
"The Lord omnipotent is
King!"

2 The Lord is King! who then
shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His
care,
Or murmur at His wise
decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

3 The Lord is King! child of
the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is
just;
Holy and true are all His ways:
Let every creature speak His
praise.

4 He reigns! O saints, exalt
your strains;
Your God is King, your Father
reigns:

And He is at the Father's side,
The Man of Love, the
Crucified.

5 Come, make your wants,
your burdens known;
He will present them at the
throne;
And angel bands are waiting
there
His messages of love to bear.

6 One Lord and Saviour all
secures;
He reigns, and life and death
are yours,
Through earth and heav'n one
song shall ring,
"The Lord omnipotent is
King!"

Josiah Conder, 1789-1855

36

Ps 24:1

66446.D

This is my Father's world,
And to my list'ning ears
All nature sings,
And round me rings
The music of the spheres.
This is my Father's world:
I rest me in the thought
Of rocks and trees,
Of skies and seas
His hand the wonders
wrought.

2 This is my Father's world,
The birds their carols raise,

The morning light,
The lily white,
Declare their Maker's praise.
This is my Father's world:
He shines in all that's fair,
In the rustling grass
I hear Him pass;
He speaks to me everywhere.

3 This is my Father's world
O let me ne'er forget
That though the wrong
Seems oft so strong
God is the Ruler yet.
This is my Father's world:
The battle is not done;
Jesus who died
Shall be satisfied
And earth and heav'n be one.

4 This is my Father's world,
The gospel I'll proclaim
To one and all
God's elect call;
For whom the Lamb was slain.
This is my Father's world:
I know one day will come
Jerus'lem new,
A glorious view!
My new eternal home!

Maltbie D Babcock 1858-1901
v 4 added

37

Ps 118:24ff

CM

This is the day the Lord has
made,
He calls the hours His own;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be
glad,

And praise surround the
throne.

2 Today He rose and left the
dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
Today the saints His tri'umphs
spread,
And all His wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed
King,
To David's holy Son!
Make haste to help us, Lord,
and bring
Salvation from Your throne.

4 Blest be the Lord,
Who comes to man
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God His
Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest
strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heav'ns in which
He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise!

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

38

Ps 34

CM

Through all the changing
scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall
still
My heart and tongue employ.

1. God the Father; The Trinity

2 Of His deliv'rance I will
boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort
take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name;
When in distress to Him I
called,
He to my rescue came.

4 The hosts of God encamp
around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliv'rance He affords to all
Who in His mercy trust.

5 O make but tri'al of His love;
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only
they,
Who in His truth confide.

6 Fear Him, O saints, and you
will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Come, make His service your
delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

Nahum Tate, 1652-1715
Nicholas Brady, 1659-1726

39

Ps 122:1

77.77

To Your temple we now go,
Lord, our pray'rs and songs
there flow,

Where within the veil we meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.

2 While Your glorious praise is
sung,
Touch our lips, unloose our
tongue,
That our joyful souls may bless
Christ the Lord, our
righteousness.

3 While the pray'rs of saints
ascend,
God of love, to ours attend;
Hear us, for Your Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While we listen to Your law,
Fill our souls with humble
awe,
Till Your gospel to us be
Life and immortality.

5 From Your house when we
return,
May our hearts within us
burn;
And at evening may we say,
We have walked with God
today.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854*

40

John 14:27

LM

Wait, O my soul, your
Maker's will:
Tumultuous passions, all be
still,

Nor let a murm'ring thought
arise:
His ways are just, His counsels
wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness
dwells,
Performs His work, the cause
conceals;
And, though His footsteps are
unknown,
Judgement and truth support
His throne.

3 In heav'n and earth, in air
and seas,

He executes His wise decrees:
And by His saints it stands
confessed,
That what He does is always
best.

4 Wait, then, my soul,
submissive wait,
With rev'rence bow before
His seat;
And even though He shows
His rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious
God.

Benjamin Beddome, 1717-95

2 God the Son; The Church

41

Acts 10:36

CM

All hail the pow'r of Jesus's
name!

Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, you martyrs of
our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol Him in whose path you
trod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 You seed of Israel's chosen
race,
You ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by
His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can
ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at
His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every
tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 O that, with yonder sacred
throng,

We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Edward Perronet 1726-92
alt John Rippon 1751-1836

42

Phil 2:5-11

65.65.D

At the name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess Him
King of glory now.
'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call Him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word.

2 At His voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces,
All the hosts of light;
Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heav'nly orders
In their great array.

3 Humbled for a season
To receive a name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom He came;
Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed.

4 In your hearts enthrone
Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true;
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour,
Let His will enfold you
In its light and pow'r.

5 One day this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of glory now.

Caroline Maria Noel, 1817-77

43

Mt 28:6

77.77.+

Christ the Lord is ris'n today:
Hallelujah!
Sons of men and angels say:
Hallelujah!
Raise your joy and triumph
high;
Hallelujah!
Sing, O heav'ns, and earth
reply,
Hallelujah!

2 Love's redeeming work is
done,
Fought the fight, the battle
won:
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch,
the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of
hell;
Death in vain forbids Him rise!
Christ has opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious
King!
Where, O death, is now your
sting?
Once He died our souls to
save;
Where your victory, O grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ
has led,
Foll'wing our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we
rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the
skies.

6 King of glory! Soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this:
You to know, Your pow'r to
prove,
Resurrected God of love.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88

44

Rev 19:12

DSM

Crown Him with many
crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark, how the heav'nly
anthem drowns
All music but its own!

2. God the Son; The Church

Awake, O soul, and sing
Of Him Who died for me,
And hail Him as your
matchless King,
Through all eternity.

2 Crown Him the Lord of life,
Who tri'umphed o'er the
grave,
And rose victorious in the
strife
For those He came to save:
His glories now we sing
Who died, and rose on high;
Who died eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.

3 Crown Him the Lord of love;
Behold His hands and side,
Those wounds yet visible
above
In beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his
burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

4 Crown Him the Lord of
peace,
Whose pow'r a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars
may cease,
And all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierc'd feet
Fair flow'rs of paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

5 Crown Him the Lord of
years,
The Potentate of time,

Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime!
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For You have died for me;
Your praise shall never, never
fail
Throughout eternity.

Matthew Bridges, 1800-94,
Godfrey Thring, 1823-1903

45

Ps 47

77.77

Glorious is the Lord Most
High,
Awesome is His majesty;
He His sov'reign sway
maintains,
King o'er all the earth He
reigns.

2 Jesus is gone up on high,
Takes His seat above the sky:
Shout the angel-choirs aloud,
Echoing to th' trump of God.

3 Sons of earth, the tri'umph
join:
Praise Him with the host
divine;
Emulate the heav'nly pow'rs;
Their victorious Lord is ours.

4 Pow'r is all to Jesus giv'n,
Pow'r o'er hell, and earth, and
heav'n;
Pow'r He now to us imparts;

Praise Him with believing
hearts.

5 Wonderful in saving pow'r,
Him let all our hearts adore;
Earth and heav'n repeat the
cry—
"Glory be to God Most High!"

Charles Wesley, 1707-88

46

Ps 87; Isa 33:20-21 87.87.D

Glorious things of you are
spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be
broken,
Formed you for His own
abode;
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake your sure
repose?
With salvation's walls
surrounded,
You may smile at all your foes.

2 See, the stream of living
waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply your sons and
daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a
river
Ever flows their thirst to
quench?

Grace which, like the Lord,
the Giver,
Overflows its every trench.

3 Round each habitation
hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near.
He who gives them daily
manna,
He who listens when they cry;
Let Him hear the loud
hosanna
Rising to His throne on high.

4 Saviour, since of Zion's city,
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Your name.
Fading is the worldling's
pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and
show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children
know.

John Newton, 1725-1807*

47

Song 1:3

CM

How sweet the name of
Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals
his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit
whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the Rock on
which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treas'ry, filled
With boundless stores of
grace.

4 Jesus! my Shepherd,
Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my
End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my
heart,
And cold my warmest
thought;
But when I see You as You are,
I'll praise You as I ought.

6 Till then I would Your love
proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Your
name
Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton, 1725-1807

48

Gal 1:4

10.10.10.10

I greet You, who my sure
Redeemer are,

My only trust and Saviour,
who's ne'er far,
Who pain did undergo for my
poor sake;
I pray, Lord, from our hearts
all cares to take.

2 You are the King of mercy
and of grace,
Reigning omnipotent in every
place:
So come, O King, and our
whole being sway:
Shine on us with the light of
Your pure day.

3 You are the Life, by which
alone we live,
And all our substance and our
strength receive;
O comfort us in death's
approaching hour,
Strong-hearted then to face it
by Your pow'r.

4 You have the true and
perfect gentleness,
No harshness have You and no
bitterness:
Make us Your grace to taste,
its sweetness see,
And ever stay in Your sweet
unity.

5 Our hope is in You, and in
You only;
Our faith is built upon Your
promise free;
O grant to us such stronger
hope and sure
That we can boldly conquer
and endure.

John Calvin, 1509-64*

49

Job 19:25

LM

I know that my Redeemer
lives:

What comfort this sweet
sentence gives!

He lives, He lives, who once
was dead;

He lives, my everlasting Head.

2 He lives, triumphant from
the grave;

He lives, eternally to save;

He lives, all glorious in the
sky;

He lives, exalted there on
high.

3 He lives to bless me with His
love,

And still He pleads for me
above;

He lives to raise me from the
grave,

And me eternally to save.

4 He lives, my kind, wise,
constant, Friend;

Who still will keep me to the
end;

He lives, and while He lives I'll
sing,

Jesus, my Prophet, Priest, and
King.

5 He lives my mansion to
prepare;

And He will bring me safely
there;

He lives! all glory to His
name!

Jesus, unchangeably the same!

Samuel Medley, 1738-99

50

Mk 16:6

13.13.13.11.+

I serve a risen Saviour, He's in
the world today;

I know that He is living,
whatever men may say;

I see His hand of mercy, I hear
His voice of cheer,

And just the time I need Him
He's always near.

*He lives, He lives, Christ Jesus
lives today!*

*He walks with me and talks
with me along life's narrow
way.*

*He lives, He lives, salvation to
impart!*

*You ask me how I know He
lives? He lives within my
heart.*

2 In all the world around me I
see His loving care,

And though my heart grows
weary I never will despair;

I know that He is leading
through all the stormy
blast,

The day of His appearing will
come at last.

3 Rejoice, rejoice, O Christian,
lift up your voice and sing
Eternal hallelujahs to Jesus
Christ the King!
The hope of all who seek Him,
the help of all who find,
None other is so loving, so
good and kind.

Alfred H Ackley, 1887-1960

51

Rev 22:16 13.11.13.11.13.10.+

I've found a Friend in Jesus,
He's everything to me,
He's the fairest of ten
thousand to my soul;
The Lily of the Valley, in Him
alone I see
All I need to cleanse and make
me fully whole.
In sorrow He's my comfort, in
trouble He's my stay,
He tells me every care on Him
to roll.

Hallelujah!
He's the Lily of the Valley,
The Bright and Morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand
to my soul.

2 He all my grief has taken
and all my sorrows borne,
In temptation He's my strong
and mighty tow'r;
I've all for Him forsaken and
all my idols torn
From my heart, and now He
keeps me by His pow'r.

Though all the world forsake
me and Satan tempt me
sore,
Through Jesus I shall safely
reach the goal.

3 He'll never, never leave me
nor yet forsake me here,
While I live by faith and do
His bless'ed will;
A wall of fire about me, I've
nothing now to fear,
With His manna He my
hungry soul shall fill.
Then sweeping up to glory I'll
see His bless'ed face,
Where rivers of delight shall
ever roll.

Charles W Fry, 1837-82

52

John 13:1

87.87.D

I've found a Friend, O, such a
Friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of
love,
And thus He bound me to
Him:
And round my heart still
closely twine
Those ties which nought can
sever,
For I am His, and He is mine,
For ever and for ever.

2 I've found a Friend, O, such
a Friend!
He bled, He died to save me;

And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me:
Nought that I have my own I
call,
I hold it for the Giver:
My heart, my strength, my
life, my all,
Are His, and His for ever.

3 I've found a Friend, O, such
a Friend!
All pow'r to Him is given
To guard me on my onward
course,
And bring me safe to heaven;
Th' eternal glories gleam afar
To nerve my faint endeavour:
So now to watch, to work, to
war,
And then to rest for ever!

4 I've found a Friend, O, such
a Friend!
So kind, and true, and tender;
So wise a Counsellor and
Guide,
So mighty a Defender:
From Him who loves me now
so well
What pow'r my soul can
sever?
Shall life, or death, or earth,
or hell?
No, I am His for ever!

James Grindlav Small, 1817-88

53

Mt 13:45-46

CM

I've found the Pearl of
greatest price,

My heart now sings for joy:
And praise I must, for Christ is
mine;
Christ shall my song employ.

2 He is my Prophet, Priest and
King,
My Prophet full of light,
My great High Priest before
the throne,
A King of heav'nly might.

3 For He is truly Lord of lords,
And He the King of kings;
He is the Sun of
Righteousness,
With healing in His wings.

4 Christ is my peace; He died
for me,
For me He gave His blood;
As my atoning sacrifice,
Offered Himself to God.

5 Christ Jesus is my All-in-all,
My comfort and my love,
My life below; and He shall be
My glory-crown above.

John Mason, c1646-94

54

Heb 13:5

87.87.87.87

Jesus is our God and Saviour,
Guide and Counsellor and
Friend,
Bearing all our misbehaviour,
Kind and loving to the end.
Trust Him; He will not deceive
us,

Though we hardly of Him
deem;
He will never, never leave us;
Nor will let us quite leave
Him.

2 Nothing but Your blood, O
Jesus,
Can relieve us from our smart;
Nothing else from guilt release
us;
Nothing else can melt the
heart.
Law and terrors do but
harden,
All the while they work alone:
But a sense of blood-bought
pardon
Soon dissolves a heart of
stone.

3 Jesus, all our consolations
Flow from You, the sovereign
good.
Love and faith and hope and
patience
All are purchased by Your
blood.
From Your fulness we receive
them;
We have nothing of our own;
Freely You delight to give
them
To the needy, who have none.

Joseph Hart 1712-68

55

Ps 72

LM

Jesus shall reign where'er the
sun

Does His successive journeys
run;
His kingdom stretch from
shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and
wane no more.

2 To Him shall endless prayer
be made,
And praises throng to crown
His head;
His name like sweet perfume
shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every
tongue
Dwell on His love with
sweetest song;
And infant voices shall
proclaim
Their early blessings on His
name.

4 Blessings abound where'er
He reigns,
The pris'ner leaps to lose his
chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are
blest.

5 Let every creature rise and
bring
His special honours to our
King;
Angels descend with songs
again,
And earth repeat the loud
Amen!

Isaac Watts. 1674-1748*

56

Mt 1:21

CM

Jesus! the name high over
all,
In hell, or earth, or sky:
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus! the name to sinners
dear,
The name to sinners giv'n;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heav'n.

3 Jesus! the pris'ner's fetters
breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Pow'r into strengthless souls it
speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste
and see
The riches of His grace;
The arms of love that compass
me
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I
show,
His saving grace proclaim;
'Tis all my business here
below,
To cry: Behold the Lamb!

6 Happy, if with my latest
breath
I might but gasp His name;
Preach Him to all, and cry in
death:

Behold, behold the Lamb!

Charles Wesley, 1707-88

57

Ps 45

87.87.47

Let us sing the King Messiah,
King of righteousness and
peace!
Hail Him, all His happy
subjects,
Never let His praises cease:
Ever hail Him,
Never let His praises cease.

2 How transcendent are Your
glories,
Fairer than the sons of men;
While Your bless'ed mediation
Brings us back to God again:
Blest Redeemer,
How we tri'umph in Your
reign!

3 Majesty, combined with
meekness,
Righteousness and peace unite
To ensure Your bless'ed
conquests,
On, great Prince, assert Your
right!
Ride triumphant,
All round the conqu'ered
world!

4 Blessed are all who touch
Your sceptre,
Blessed are all who own Your
reign:

Freed from sin, that worst of
tyrants,
Rescued from its galling chain:
Saints and angels,
All who know You, bless Your
reign.

John Ryland, 1753-1825

58

Rev 5:9; 14:3

886.D

Let Zion in her songs record
The honours of her dying
Lord,
Triumphant over sin;
How sweet the song there's
none can say,
But those whose sins are
washed away
And feel that grace within.

2 We claim no merit of our
own,
But self-condemned before
Your throne,
Our hope on Jesus place;
Though once in heart and life
depraved,
We now can sing as sinners
saved,
And praise redeeming grace.

3 We'll sing the same while
life shall last,
And when, at the last
trumpet's blast,
Our sleeping dust shall rise,
Then in a song for ever new,

The glorious theme we'll still
pursue
Throughout th' eternal skies.

4 Prepared of old, at God's
right hand
Bright everlasting mansions
stand
For all the blood-bought race;
And till we reach those seats
of bliss,
We'll sing no other song but
this—
Salvation all of grace.

John Kent, 1766-1843

59

Heb 2:9

87.87.47

Look, you saints, the sight is
glorious,
See the Man of Sorrows now
From the fight returned
victorious!
Every knee to Him shall bow:
Crown Him, crown Him;
Crowns become the Victor's
brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, saints
adore Him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of pow'r enthrone
Him,
While the vault of heaven
rings:
Crown Him, crown Him;
Crown the Saviour King of
kings!

3 Sinners in derision crowned
Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's
claim;
Saints and angels crowd
around Him,
Own His title, praise His
name:
Crown Him, crown Him;
Spread abroad the Victor's
fame!

4 Hark! those bursts of
acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant
chords!
Jesus takes the highest
station:
O, what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him, crown Him
King of kings, and Lord of
lords!

Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855

60

Lk 24:5-6

PM

Low in the grave He lay:
Jesus, my Saviour!
Waiting the coming day:
Jesus, my Lord!

*Up from the grave He arose,
With a mighty triumph o'er His
foes;
He arose a victor from the dark
domain,
And He lives forever with His
saints to reign!*

*He arose! He arose!
Hallelujah! Christ arose!*

2 Vainly they watch His bed:
Jesus, my Saviour!
Vainly they seal the dead:
Jesus, my Lord!

3 Death cannot keep his prey:
Jesus, my Saviour!
He tore the bars away:
Jesus, my Lord!

Robert Lowry, 1826-99

61

Isa 53:3

777.8

Man of Sorrows! what a
name
For the Son of God, who came
Ruined sinners to reclaim:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

2 Bearing shame and scoffing
rude,
In my place condemned He
stood,
Sealed my pardon with His
blood:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

3 Guilty, vile, and helpless,
we:
Spotless Lamb of God was He;
Full atonement: can it be?
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

4 Lifted up was He to die,
"It is finished!" was His cry;

Now in heav'n exalted high:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

5 When He comes, our
glorious King,
All His ransomed home to
bring,
Then anew this song we'll
sing:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

Philip Bliss, 1838-76

62

Heb 1:3

87.87.D

Mighty God, while angels
bless You,
May a mortal sing Your name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
You are every creature's
theme!
Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days,
Sounded through the wide
creation
Be Your just and endless
praise.

2 For the grandeur of Your
nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's
thought,
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness
wrought:
But Your rich, Your free
redemption,
Shining o'er the ages long—

Thought is poor, and poor
expression—
Who can sing that awesome
song?

3 The archangels sang Your
coming,
And the shepherds sang their
lays,
And shall I remain ungrateful?
Shall this tongue refuse to
praise?
Brightness of the Father's
glory,
Shall Your praise unuttered
lie?
Break, my tongue, such guilty
silence,
Sing the Lord who came to
die.

4 From the highest throne in
glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives:
Flow, my praise, for ever flow!
O, return, immortal Saviour,
Glorious on Your risen throne,
Come, return, and reign for
ever:
Be the kingdom all Your own.

Robert Robinson, 1735-90

63

John 13:1

66.66.44.44

My song is love unknown,
My Saviour's love to me;
Love to the loveless shown,
That they might lovely be.

O, who am I,
That for my sake
My Lord should take
Frail flesh, and die?

2 He came from His blest
throne
Salvation to bestow;
But men were hostile, none
The longed-for Christ would
know:

But O! my Friend,
My Friend indeed,
Who at my need
His life did spend.

3 Sometimes they strew His
way,
And His sweet praises sing;
Resounding all the day
Hosannas to their King:
Then "Crucify!"
Is all their breath,
And for His death
They thirst and cry.

4 They rise and wish to have
My dear Lord made away;
A murderer they save,
The Prince of life they slay;
Yet cheerful He
To suff'ring goes,
That He His foes
From there might free.

5 In life, no house, no home
My Lord on earth might have;
In death, no friendly tomb,
But what a stranger gave.
What may I say?
Heav'n was His home;
But mine the tomb
Wherein He lay.

6 Here might I stay and sing,
No story so divine;
Never was love, dear King!
Never was grief Your kind.
This is my Friend,
In whose sweet praise
I all my days
Could gladly spend.

Samuel Crossman, 1624-83*

64

Phil 2:5-11

77.77.77

Now in praise let us arise,
Sing the Saviour's sacrifice;
All the names that love could
find,
Jesus in Himself has joined;
All the forms that love could
take,
Our lost souls His own to
make.

2 Equal He with God Most
High,
Mild, He laid His glory by;
He, th' eternal God, was born,
Object of His creatures' scorn;
Man with men He came to
'ppear,
Pleased a servant's form to
wear.

3 Hail! O everlasting Lord,
Hail! divine, incarnate Word;
You let our powers confess,
With angelic choirs to bless;
You our every breath proclaim,
Our belov'd Emmanuel's
name!

4 Thus He left His throne
above,
Moved by everlasting love;
Whom the heav'ns could not
contain,
Lord of Glory, Son of Man,
Came on earth for us to 'ppear,
By His own rejected here.

5 Hail our dear
Redeemer-King!
All Your wondrous love we
sing;
Never shall Your tri'umphs
end,
Jesus, Lord, the sinner's
Friend!
Hail derided majesty!
Friend of sinners—and of me!

Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

65

John 15:13

LM

Now, O my soul, forget no
more
The Friend who all your
mis'ery bore;
Let every idol be forgot,
But, O my soul, forget Him
not.

2 Jesus, for you, a body takes,
Your guilt assumes, your
fetters breaks,
Discharging all your dreadful
debt;
And can you e'er such love
forget?

3 Renounce your works and
ways with grief,
And fly to this most sure relief;
Nor Him forget who left His
throne,
And for your life gave up His
own.

4 Infinite truth and mercy
shine
In Him, and He Himself is
mine:
And can I, then, with sin
beset,
Such charms, such matchless
charms, forget?

5 Ah! no; till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and
warm my heart;
And lisping this, from earth I'll
rise,
And join the chorus of the
skies.

6 Ah! no; when all things else
expire,
And perish in the awesome
fire,
This name above all shall
survive,
And through eternity shall
live.

Krishna Pal, 1764-1822

tr Joshua Martian, 1768-1837*

66

Ps 9:1

CM

O for a thousand tongues to
sing

My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and
King,
The triumphs of His grace!

2 Jesus, the name that charms
our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and
peace.

3 He breaks the pow'r of
cancelled sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the
foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

4 He speaks, and list'ning to
His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts
rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

5 Hear Him, you deaf; His
praise, you dumb,
Your loosened tongues
employ;
You blind, behold your
Saviour come;
And leap, you lame, for joy!

6 My gracious Master and my
God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the
earth abroad,
The honours of Your name.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88

67

1 Pet 1:8

76.76.D

O Saviour, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love,
O name of might and favour,
All other names above;
We worship You, we bless You,
To You alone we sing;
We praise You, and confess
You
Our holy Lord and King.

2 O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously has wrought,
Yourself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought;
We worship You, we bless You,
To You alone we sing;
We praise You, and confess
You
Our gracious Lord and King.

3 In You we find all fulness,
All glory, pow'r and grace;
In You alone true wholeness,
Through mercy to our race;
We worship You, we bless You,
To You alone we sing;
We praise You, and confess
You
Our glorious Lord and King.

4 O grant the consummation
Of this our song above
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love!
Then shall we praise and bless
You
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess You

Our Saviour and our King.

Frances Riddle Havergal, 1836-79*

68

Eph 3:19

87.87.D

O, the deep, deep love of
Jesus!

Vast, unmeasured, boundless,
free;

Rolling as a mighty ocean
In its fulness over me.

Underneath me, all around
me,

Is the current of Your love;
Leading onward, leading

homeward,
To my glorious rest above.

2 O, the deep, deep love of
Jesus!

Spread His praise from shore
to shore,

How He so loves, ever He
loves,

Changes never, nevermore;
How He watches o'er His

loved ones,
Died to call them all His own;

How for them He intercedes
now,

Watches o'er them from the
throne.

3 O, the deep, deep love of
Jesus!

Love of every love the best:
'Tis an ocean vast of blessing,
'Tis a haven sweet of rest.

O the deep, deep love of
Jesus!

'Tis a heav'n of heav'ns to me;
And it lifts me up to glory,
For to You it so lifts me.

Samuel Trevor Francis, 1834-1925*

69

Gal 6:14

12.8.12.9.+

On a hill far away stood an
old rugged cross,
The emblem of suffering and
shame;
And I love that old cross
where the dearest and best
For a world of lost sinners was
slain.

*So I'll cherish the old rugged
cross,*

*Till my trophies at last I lay
down;*

*I will cling to the old rugged
cross,*

*And exchange it some day for a
crown.*

2 O that old rugged cross, so
despised by the world,

Has a wondrous attraction for
me;

For the dear Lamb of God left
His glory above

To bear it to dark Calvary.

3 In the old rugged cross,
stained with blood so
divine,

A wondrous beauty I see;
For 'twas on that old cross
Jesus suffered and died
To pardon and sanctify me.

4 To the old rugged cross I
will ever be true,
Its shame and reproach gladly
bear;
Then He'll call me some day to
my home far away,
Where His glory forever I'll
share.

George Bernard, 1873-1958

70

Gal 1:5

87.87

On the wings of faith
uprising,
Jesus crucified I view;
While His love, my soul
surprising,
Cries: "I suffered all for you!"

2 When, in true repentance
praying,
All my guilty sins appear,
Then, the wounds of Christ
surveying,
I can see my pardon there.

3 Here I'll fix my eyes for ever
While the balm of life I'll
prove;
Every wound is like a river
Flowing with eternal love.

4 Who can think, without
admiring?
Who can hear, and nothing
feel?
See the Lord of life expiring,
Yet retain a heart of steel?

5 Angels here may gaze and
wonder
What the God of love could
mean,
When He tore the heart
asunder,
Never once defiled with sin!

Joseph Swain, 1761-96

71

1 Pet 4:11

PM

Praise Him! Praise Him!
Jesus, our bless'ed
Redeemer;
Sing, O earth! His wonderful
love proclaim!
Hail Him! Hail Him! highest
arch-angels in glory;
Strength and honour give to
His holy name.
Like a shepherd, Jesus will
guard His children,
In His arms He carries them
all day long.
O you saints that dwell in the
mountains of Zion!
Praise Him! Praise Him! ever
in joyful song.

2 Praise Him! Praise Him!
Jesus our bless'ed

Redeemer,
For our sins He suffered and
bled and died!
He, our Rock, our hope of
eternal salvation,
Hail Him! Hail Him! Jesus the
crucified;
Loving Saviour, meekly
enduring sorrow,
Crowned with thorns that
cruelly pierced His brow;
Once for us rejected, despised,
and forsaken,
Prince of glory, ever
triumphant now.

3 Praise Him! Praise Him!
Jesus, our bless'ed
Redeemer,
Heav'nly portals, loud with
hosannas ring!
Jesus, Saviour, He reigns for
ever and ever;
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Prophet and Priest and
King!
Death is vanquished! Tell it
with joy, you faithful;
Where is now your victory,
boasting grave?
Jesus lives! no longer your
portals are cheerless;
Jesus lives, the mighty and
strong to save.

Fanny J Crosby, 1823-1915

72

Ps 149:2

66.66.88

Rejoice! the Lord is King:

Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:

*Lift up your heart, lift up your
voice;*

Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our
stains,
He took His seat above:

3 His kingdom cannot fail:
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus giv'n:

4 He sits at God's right hand:
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall before His feet:

5 Rejoice in glorious hope:
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home:

Charles Wesley, 1707-88

73

Ps 23

87.87.iambic

The King of love my
Shepherd is,
Whose goodness will fail
never;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.

2 Where streams of living
water flow
My ransomed soul He so
leads,
And, where the verdant
pastures grow,
With food celestial He feeds.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I
strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently
laid,
And home rejoicing brought
me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no
ill
With You, dear Lord, beside
me;
Your rod and staff my comfort
still,
Your cross before to guide me.

5 You spread a table in my
sight;
Your unction's grace
bestowing:
And O what height of pure
delight
When my cup's overflowing!

6 And so through all the
length of days
Your goodness will fail never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing
Your praise
Within Your house for ever.

Henry Williams Baker, 1821-77*

74

Ps 23

CM

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll
not want:
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He's
leading me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul He does restore
again,
And me to walk does make
Within the paths of
righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

3 Yes, though I walk through
death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill:
For You are with me, and Your
rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 A table You prepare for me
In presence of my foes;
My head You do with oil
anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my
life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for
evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.
Scottish Psalter, 1650*

75

Ps 31

CM

The Saviour who redeemed
our souls

From death and endless woe,
Whose wisdom each event
controls,
From whom all mercies flow.

2 He has decreed that even
here
His faithful sons shall prove,
Through good or ill, midst toil
and fear,
The riches of His love.

3 But then, when life's brief
term is o'er,
And heav'n reveals her gates,
What mighty blessings are in
store,
What endless glory waits!

4 Praise, then, your Saviour,
all His saints,
To Him devote your hearts;
He hears and pities your
complaints,
And strength and joy imparts.

Harriet Auber, 1773-1862

76

Song

76.76.76.D

The Song of songs to
worship,
Our King, the Lord Jesus;
I sought Him not but He
sought
Me in my darkest hours;
My restless soul He gave
peace,
My nakedness He clothed;
The Rose of Sharon is He,

Whose righteousness I boast;
The Lily of the Valleys
Who brings joy, light, and
cheer;
Our sins He purged, though
away
He assures we are dear.

2 A garden enclosed are we
From Him is our beauty;
No merit in all our works,
Save what is our duty;
Should we not give of
ourselves
To the Lord more fully?
How oft have I failed Him so,
Oh, what utter folly!
His Spirit I grieved away,
Now I seek His mercy;
O Lord Jesus, turn Your face
To me and have pity!

3 His voice we hear in words
near,
To comfort, strengthen, cheer;
His Spirit fills His people
With joy and vision clear;
With love undying we serve
Our Lord who first loved us;
In weakness we cry to God
To give us fruitfulness;
May our fleeting days be spent
In Your love and mercy;
Until gathered to praise You
For all eternity!

Bronson Paul, 1954-

77

Gal 2:20

CM

There is a green hill far away,

Outside a city wall,
Where our dear Lord was
crucified,
Who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we
cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be
forgiv'n,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to
heav'n,
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good
enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heav'n, and let us in.

5 O, dearly, dearly has He
loved!
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming
blood,
And try His works to do.

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1818-95

78

Rev 5:12

84.84.888.4

'Tis the church triumphant
singing,
Worthy the Lamb!

Heav'n throughout with
praises ringing,
Worthy the Lamb!
Thrones and pow'rs before
Him bending,
Odours sweet with voice
ascending
Swell the chorus never
ending,
Worthy the Lamb!

2 Every kindred, tongue and
nation—
Worthy the Lamb!
Join to sing the great
salvation;
Worthy the Lamb!
Loud as mighty thunders
roaring,
Floods of mighty waters
pouring,
Prostrate at His feet adoring,
Worthy the Lamb!

3 Harps and songs for ever
sounding,
Worthy the Lamb!
Mighty grace o'er sin
abounding;
Worthy the Lamb!
By His blood He dearly bought
us,
Wand'ring from the fold, He
sought us,
And to glory safely brought us:
Worthy the Lamb!

4 Sing with blest anticipation,
Worthy the Lamb!
Through the vale of
tribulation,
Worthy the Lamb!

Sweetest notes, all notes
excelling,
On the theme for ever
dwelling,
Still untold, though ever
telling,
Worthy the Lamb!

John Kent, 1766-1843

79

Gal 6:14

LM

We sing the praise of Him
who died,
Of Him who died upon the
cross;
The sinner's hope let men
deride,
For this we count the world
but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the cross we
see
In shining letters, "God is
love";
He bears our sins upon the
tree,
He brings us mercy from
above.

3 The cross! It takes our guilt
away,
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the
gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit
brave,

And nerves the feeble arm for
fight;
It takes the terror from the
grave,
And gilds the bed of death
with light:

5 The balm of life, the cure of
woe,
The measure and the pledge
of love,
The sinner's refuge here
below,
The angels' theme in heav'n
above.

Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855

80

1 Cor 15:57

10.11.11.11.+

Yours be the glory, risen,
conq'ring Son,
Endless is the vict'ry You o'er
death have won;
Angels in bright raiment
rolled the stone away,
Kept the folded grave-clothes
where Your body lay.

*Yours be the glory, risen,
conq'ring Son,
Endless is the vict'ry You o'er
death have won!*

2 Lo, Jesus meets us, risen
from the tomb!
Lovingly He greets us, scatters
fear and gloom;

MILLENNIUM HYMNS

Let the church with gladness
hymns of tri'umph sing,
For her Lord is living, death
has lost its sting.

3 No more we doubt You,
glorious Prince of life;
What is life without You? Aid

us in our strife;
Make us more than conq'rors,
through Your deathless
love:
Bring us safe through Jordan
to Your home above.

Edmond L Budry, 1854-1932
tr Richard B Hoyle, 1875-1939*

3 The Holy Spirit; The Word

81

Gal 5:1

88.88.88

And can it be that I should
gain
An int'rest in the Saviour's
blood?
Died He for me, who caused
His pain?
For me, who Him to death
pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be
That You, my God, should die
for me?

2 'Tis myst'ry all! th' Immortal
dies!
Who can explore this strange
design?
In vain the first-born seraph
tries
To sound the depths of love
divine!
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore,
Let angel minds inquire no
more.

3 He left His Father's throne
above,
So free, so infinite His grace;
Emptied Himself of all for
love,
And bled for Adam's helpless
race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and
free;
For, O my God, it found out
me.

4 Long my imprisoned spirit
lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's
night;
Your eye diffused a quick'ning
ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed
with light;
My chains fell off, my heart
was free;
I rose, went forth, as You led
me.

5 No condemnation now I
dread;
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness
divine,
Bold I approach th' eternal
throne,
And claim the crown, through
Christ my own.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

82

Ps 42

CM

As pants the deer for cooling
streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for
You,
And Your refreshing grace.

2 For You, my God, the living
God,
My thirsty soul does pine;
O when shall I behold Your
face,
O Majesty divine?

3 Why restless, why cast
down, my soul?
Trust God, who will employ
His aid for you, and change
these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

4 God of my strength, how
long shall I
Like one forgotten mourn?
Forlorn, forsaken and exposed
To my oppressor's scorn?

5 Why restless, why cast
down, my soul?
Hope still, and you shall sing
The praise of Him who is your
God,
Your health's eternal spring.

Nahum Tate, 1652-1715
Nicholas Brady, 1659-1726

83

Ps 32

LM

Bless'ed are they, supremely
blest,
Whose wickedness is all
forgiv'n,
Who find in Jesus's wounds
their rest,

And see the smiling face of
heav'n.

2 Bless'ed are they to whom
the Lord
No more imputes iniquity,
Whose spirit is by grace
restored,
And from all lies and guile set
free.

3 But while, through pride, I
held my tongue,
Nor owned my helpless
unbelief,
My being languished all day
long,
And conscience roared
without relief.

4 Resolved, at last, to God I
cried:
I will my evil ways confess,
No more evade, or seek to
hide
My depth of shameful
sinfulness.

5 For this shall every child of
God,
Your all-surpassing love
declare,
And take the grace on all
bestowed,
Who pray the contrite sinner's
prayer.

6 Bless'ed are they, supremely
blest,
Whose wickedness is all
forgiv'n,

3. The Holy Spirit; The Word

Who find in Jesus's wounds
their rest,
And see the smiling face of
heav'n.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88

84

John 6:35

64.64.D

Break now the bread of life,
Dear Lord, to me,
As You did break the loaves
Beside the sea;
Beyond the sacred page
I seek You, Lord,
My Spirit longs for You,
O living Word!

2 You are the Bread of life,
O Lord, to me,
Your holy word the truth
That saves e'en me;
Grant me to eat and live
With You above,
Teach me to love Your truth,
For You are love.

3 O send Your Spirit, Lord,
Now unto me,
That He may touch my eyes,
And make me see:
Show me the truth concealed
Within Your word,
And in Your book revealed
I see You, Lord.

4 Bless Lord the bread of life,
To me, to me,
As You did bless the loaves
By Galilee:

Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall,
And I shall find my peace,
My All-in-all!

Mary Artemisia Lathbury,
1841-1913*

85

Rm 5:5

66.11.D

Come down, O Love divine,
Seek now this soul of mine,
And visit it with Your own
ardour glowing;
O Comforter, draw near,
Within my heart appear,
And kindle it, Your holy flame
bestowing.

2 O let it freely burn,
Till earthly passions turn
To dust and ashes, in its heat
consuming;
And let Your glorious light
Shine ever on my sight,
And clothe me round, while
You're my path illuming.

3 O clothe me outwardly
With love and modesty,
And lowliness become my
inner clothing;
True lowliness of heart,
Which takes the humbler part,
And o'er its own shortcomings
weeps with loathing.

4 And so the yearning strong,
With which the soul will long,

Shall far outpass the pow'r of
human telling;
For none can guess its grace,
Till he become the place
In which the Holy Spirit
makes His dwelling.

Bianco Da Siena, c 1350-1434
tr Richard F Littledale, 1833-90*

86

John 14:26

LM

Come, gracious Spirit,
heav'nly Dove,
With light and comfort from
above:
Be Lord our guardian, Lord
our guide,
O'er every thought and step
preside.

2 The light of truth to us
display,
And make us know and
choose Your way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er
depart.

3 Lead us to Christ, the living
Way,
Nor let us from His precepts
stray;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell
with God.

4 Lead us to heav'n that we
may share

Fullness of joy for ever there;
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest.

Simon Browne, c. 1680-1732

87

John 16:14

CM

Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly
Dove,
With all Your quick'ning
pow'rs;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 See how we grovel here
below
Fond of earth's trifling toys!
See how dull our hearts and
how slow
To seek eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal
songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Our praise is weak upon our
tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we
always lie
In such a languid state?
Our love so faint, so cold to
You,
And Yours to us so great?

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly
Dove,

With all Your quick'ning
pow'rs;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's
love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

88

1 Sam 7:12

87.87.D

Come, O Fount of every
blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Your
grace;
Streams of mercy never
ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest
praise;
Teach me some melodious
sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues
above;
O the vast, the boundless
treasure,
Of my Lord's unchanging love!

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer*
Thus far by Your help I've
come,
And I hope, by Your good
pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a
stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of
God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a
debtor,
Daily I keep this in view!
Let that grace, Lord, like a
fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to
You;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel
it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, Lord, take
and seal it,
Seal it from Your courts above!

* "Stone of help"
Robert Robinson, 1735-90*

89

Rm 8:9-11

88.88.88

Creator Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first
were laid,
Come, visit every waiting
mind,
Come, pour Your joys on
humankind;
From sin and sorrow set us
free,
And give us grace to hear and
see.

2 With Your rich grace
descend from high
Perfect in pow'r and energy;
The strength of His almighty
hand,
Whose pow'r does heav'n and
earth command;

Refine and purge our earthly
parts,
And stamp Your image on our
hearts.

3 Create us new, our wills
control,
Subdue the rebel in our soul;
Chase from our minds the fear
of woe,
And peace and love and faith
bestow:
And lest again we go astray,
Protest and guide us in the
way.

4 Immortal honour, endless
fame,
Attend th' almighty Father's
name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's
redemption died;
And equal adoration too,
O divine Spirit, be to You.

Latin 7th century
tr John Dryden, 1631-1700*

90

Rm 8:9

886.D

Descend on us, O heav'nly
Dove,
With flames of pure angelic
love;
Our spell-bound hearts
inspire;
Fountain of joy, blest
Paraclete,

Warm our cold hearts with
heav'nly heat,
And set our souls on fire.

2 Breathe on these bones, so
dry and dead;
Your sweetest, softest
influence spread
In all our hearts with awe;
Point out the place where
grace abounds;
Direct us to the bleeding
wounds
Of our incarnate God.

3 Lead us, lost sinners, in Your
train
To Calv'ary, where the Lamb
was slain,
And with us there abide;
Let us our loved Redeemer
meet,
Weep o'er His pier'ced hands
and feet,
And view His wounded side.

4 Teach us for what, and how,
to pray,
For we are prone to go astray;
Help us that we through faith
The impact of Christ's death
may feel;
As by the throne of grace we
kneel,
Give us that love and faith.

5 You, with the Father and the
Son,
Are that mysterious
Three-in-One,
God blest for evermore!

3. The Holy Spirit; The Word

And though we cannot
comprehend,
Knowing You as the sinner's
Friend,
We love You and adore.

Joseph Hart, 1712-68*

91

Rm 8:12-17

LM

Eternal Spirit! how we bless
And sing the wonders of Your
grace:
Your pow'r conveys Your
blessings down
From God the Father and the
Son.

2 Enlightened by Your
heav'nly ray,
Our sp'ritual darkness turns to
day;
Your inward teachings make
us know,
Our danger and our refuge
too.

3 Your pow'r and glory work
within,
To break the chains of
reigning sin,
Our dominating lusts subdue,
And form our fallen hearts
anew.

4 The troubled conscience
knows Your voice,
Your pard'oning words awake
our joys,

Your work illuminates the
mind,
And lets the soul assurance
find.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

92

Ps 119:97

CM

Father of mercies, in Your
word
What endless glory shines;
For ever be Your name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here springs of consolation
rise
To cheer the fainting mind,
And thirsting souls receive
supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

3 Here the Redeemer's
welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace
around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O may these hallowed pages
be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I
see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious
Lord,
To You I now draw near;

Teach me to love Your sacred
word,
And view my Saviour here.

Anne Steele, 1717-78*

93

Acts 20:24

LM

God, in the gospel of His
Son,
Makes His eternal counsels
known;
Here, love in richest mercy
shines,
And truth is shown in noble
lines.

2 Here sinners of a humble
frame,
May taste His grace and learn
His name,
And see in characters of blood,
The mercy of a pard'ning God.

3 Here faith reveals to mortal
eyes
A brighter world above the
skies;
Here shines the light which
guides our way,
From earth, to realms of
endless day.

4 Here wisdom all her light
imparts,
To teach our minds and move
our hearts;
Such influence bids the sinner
live,

And makes the burdened soul
revive.

5 O grant us grace, our
Saviour God,
To understand Your holy
word;
With meekness, all its truth
receive,
And by its light, for ever live.

Benjamin Beddome, 1717-95
Thomas Cotterill, 1779-1823

94

Ps 19:8-14

88.88

God's precepts are righteous
and just,
Rejoicing the heart and the
mind;
And all his commandments
are pure,
Enlight'ning the eyes of the
blind.

2 The fear of the Lord is most
clean,
For ever unmoved has it stood;
His judgements are perfect
and true,
In all things most righteous
and good.

3 Such treasures no gold can
supply,
Such sweetness no honey
afford;
And they who its warnings
obey,

3. The Holy Spirit; The Word

Shall find an abundant
reward.

4 O who can his errors
discern?
From hidden faults, Lord,
keep me free;
Let pride never reign in my
heart,
And clear of great sin I shall
be.

5 I pray that my words and
my thoughts
May all with Your precepts
accord,
And ever be pleasing to You,
My Rock, my Redeemer, my
Lord.

The Psalter, 1912

95

Jer 18:6

54.54.54.54

Have Your own way, Lord,
Have Your own way;
You are the Potter,
I am the clay.
Mould me and make me
After Your will,
While I am waiting,
Yielded and still.

2 Have Your own way, Lord,
Have Your own way;
Search me and try me,
Master, today.
Whiter than snow, Lord,
Wash me just now,

As in Your presence
Humbly I bow.

3 Have Your own way, Lord,
Have Your own way;
Wounded and weary,
Help me, I pray.
Yours is the power,
Surely not mine;
Touch me and heal me,
Saviour divine.

4 Have Your own way, Lord,
Have Your own way;
Hold o'er my being
Absolute sway.
Fill with Your Spirit
Till all shall see
Christ only, always,
Living in me.

Adelaide A Pollard, 1862-1934*

96

1 Cor 3:11

77.77

Holy Spirit, from on high,
Bend on us a pit'ying eye;
Animate the drooping heart,
Bid the pow'r of sin depart.

2 Light up every dark recess
Of our heart's ungodliness;
Show us every devious way
Where our steps have gone
astray.

3 Teach us, with repentant
grief,
Humbly to implore relief;

Then the Saviour's blood
 reveal,
 And our broken spirits heal.

4 Other groundwork should
 we lay,
 Sweep those empty hopes
 away;
 Make us know that Christ
 alone
 Can for human guilt atone.

5 May we daily grow in grace,
 And pursue the heav'nly race,
 Trained in wisdom, led by
 love,
 Till we reach our home above.

William Hiley Bathurst, 1796-1877

97

Ps 119:105-112 CM

How precious is the book
 divine,
 By inspiration giv'n;
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines
 shine,
 To guide our souls to heav'n.

2 Lord, I have made Your
 word my choice,
 My lasting heritage;
 Here shall my noblest pow'rs
 rejoice,
 My warmest thoughts engage.

3 I'll read the hist'ries of Your
 love,
 And keep Your laws in sight;

While through Your promises
 I'll rove
 With ever fresh delight.

4 Here is a land of wealth
 unknown,
 Where springs of life arise;
 Seeds of immortal bliss are
 sown,
 And hidden glory lies.

5 The sole relief that
 mourners have,
 This makes our sorrows blest;
 Our glorious hope beyond the
 grave,
 And our eternal rest.

John Fawcett, 1739-1817
 Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

98

Ps 119:145-148 CM

I cried with my whole heart,
 O Lord,
 My being was aflame;
 I cried that You might light
 afford
 To honour Your great name.

2 I cried before the dawn of
 day,
 To beat the rising sun,
 For in the light of Your sure
 way
 Had hope of rest begun.

3 I'll keep Your testimonies
 fair,

3. The Holy Spirit; The Word

And meditate on them;
When moments of sound sleep
are rare
My joy's Jerusalem!

John Goris, 1937-

99

Ps 119:105

CM

Lamp of our feet, whereby
we trace
Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of
heav'nly grace,
Brook by the trav'ler's way;

2 Bread of our souls, whereon
we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein
we read
Of realms beyond the sky;

3 Pillar of fire through
watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day;
When waves would whelm
our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay;

4 Word of the ever-living God,
Will of His glorious Son;
Without You how could earth
be trod?
Or heav'n itself be won?

5 Lord, grant that we aright
may learn
The wisdom it imparts;

And to its heav'nly teaching
turn
With simple, childlike hearts.

Bernard Barton, 1784-1849

100

Eph 3:19

87.87.D

Love divine, all loves
excelling,
Joy of heav'n, to earth come
down,
Fix in us Your humble
dwelling,
All Your faithful mercies
crown.

Jesus, You are all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love impart;
Visit us with Your salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O, breathe Your
loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in You inherit,
Let us find Your promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Your life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Your temples
leave:
You we would be always
blessing,
Serve You as Your hosts above,

Pray, and praise You without
ceasing,
Glory in Your perfect love.

4 Finish, then, Your new
creation:
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Your great salvation,
Restored in You perfectly:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heav'n we take our
place,
Till we cast our crowns down
freely,
Lost in wonder, love, and
praise.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

101

John 14:16

LM

O Breath of God, breathe on
us now,
And move within us while we
pray;
We know not what to ask, nor
how,
You are the light of our new
day.

2 How closely You are with us,
Lord,
Neither in height nor depth to
seek;
In nearness shall Your voice be
heard;
Spirit to spirit You do speak.

3 Christ is our Advocate on
high:
You are our Advocate within;

O, plead the truth, and make
reply
To every argument of sin.

4 But O, this faithless heart of
mine!
The way I know, I know my
Guide:
Forgive me, O my Friend
divine,
That I so often turn aside.

5 Be with me when no other
friend
The myst'ery of my heart can
share;
And be You known, when
fears transcend,
By Your best name of
Comforter.

Alfred Henry Vine, 1845-1917*

102

Prov 3:13-17

CM

O happy is the man who
hears
Instruction's warning voice!
And who celestial wisdom
makes
His early, only choice.

2 For she has treasures greater
far,
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more
precious are,
Than all the stores of gold.

3. The Holy Spirit; The Word

3 In her right hand she holds
to view
A length of happy days,
Riches of soul, with honours
joined
Are what her left displays.

4 She guides the young with
light and grace
The heav'nly path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the aged head.

5 According as her labours
rise,
So her rewards increase:
Her ways are ways of
pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

Michael Bruce, 1746-67

103

Ps 119:65-72

LM

O how I love Your holy word
Your gracious covenant, O
Lord!
It guides me in the peaceful
way,
I think upon it all the day.

2 Long unafflicted,
undismayed,
In pleasure's path secure I
strayed,
Then did I feel Your chast'ning
rod,
Which turned me unto You,
my God.

3 Although it pierced my
stubborn heart,
I'll bless the Hand that caused
the smart;
It taught my tears awhile to
flow,
But saved me from eternal
woe.

4 If You had left me
unchastised,
Your precepts would still be
despised;
And still the snare by Satan
laid
Had my unwary soul betrayed.

5 I love You, therefore, O my
God,
And look towards Your dear
abode;
Where in Your presence fully
blest,
Your chosen saints for ever
rest.

William Cowper, 1731-1800

104

Heb 4:12

76.76.D

O Spirit, how we thank You
For giving us Your word.
Please bless its proclamation,
The truths that we have heard.
Indwell us and empow'r us,
And cause us to obey;
Shine now the light of
Scripture
On all we do and say.

2 Great Artist of the Scriptures
In beauty You have made
God's word to shine in glory
That cannot fail or fade.
In poetry and proverbs,
Through narrative and line;
In prophecy and hist'ry,
God's truth in splendour
shines.

3 You, down through many
ages,
Inspi'ed men to write,
Progressively revealing,
You brought God's truth to
light.
O Spirit, come illumine
This truth for us today;
And guide us in sound
doctrine,
The strait and narrow way.

4 Wield now Your sword, O
Spirit,
The pow'rful, living, word,
And rend our hearts asunder
With truths that we have
heard.
O search us now and know us,
Expose iniquity;
Conform us to our Saviour,
And holy we shall be.

Kenneth A Puls, 1962-

105

Joel 2:28

LM

O Spirit of the living God,

In all the fullness of Your
grace,
Where'er the foot of man has
trod,
Descend upon our fallen race.

2 Give tongues of fire and
hearts of love
To preach the reconciling
word;
Give pow'r and unction from
above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is
heard.

3 Let darkness, at Your
coming, light;
Confusion, order in Your path;
Souls without strength inspire
with might;
Bid mercy tri'umph over
wrath.

4 O Spirit of our God, prepare
All the round earth her God to
meet;
Breathe out new life, like
morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to
beat.

5 Baptise the nations; far and
near,
The tri'umphs of the cross
record;
Till Christ in glory shall appear
And every race declare him
Lord!

James Montgomery, 1771-1854

106

RM 8:14

7676.7776

Open, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice;
Bid my quiet spirit hear
The comfort of Your voice;
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock
the place,
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of Your grace.

2 From the world of sin and
noise
And hurry I withdraw;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe;
Silent am I now and still,
Dare not in Your presence
move;
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of Your love.

3 Show me, as my soul can
bear,
The depth of inbred sin;
All the unbelief declare,
The pride that lurks within;
Take me, whom Yourself has
bought,
Bring into captivity
Every high unstooping
thought
That lies deep down in me.

4 Lord, my time is in Your
hand,
My soul to You convert;
You can make me understand,
Though I am slow of heart;

Yours in whom I live and
move,
Yours the praise, Your work
divine;
You are wisdom, pow'r and
love,
And all You are is mine.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

107

Ps 119:18

88.98.888.4

Open my eyes, that I may see
Glimpses of truth You have for
me;
Place in my hands the
wonderful key
That shall unclasp and set me
free.
Silently now I wait to see,
Reveal, my God, Your will to
me;
Open my eyes, illumine me,
Spirit divine!

2 Open my ears, that I may
hear
Voices of truth You send so
clear;
And while the wave-notes fall
on my ear,
Everything false will
disappear.
Silently now I wait to see,
Reveal, my God, Your will to
me;
Open my ears, illumine me,
Spirit divine!

3 Open my mouth and let me
bear
Tidings of mercy everywhere;
Open my heart and make me
aware
That with Your own, Your love
to share.
Silently now I wait to see,
Reveal, my God, Your will to
me;
Open my heart, illumine me,
Spirit divine!

4 Open my mind, that I may
read
More of Your grace on which
to feed;
What shall I fear while still
You do lead?
Grant me Your insight, Lord, I
plead.
Silently now I wait to see,
Reveal, my God, Your will to
me;
Open my mind, illumine me,
Spirit divine!

Clara H Scott, 1841-97
Frederick P Morris*

108

Hab 3:2

SM

Revive Your work, O Lord!
Your mighty arm make bare;
Speak with the voice that
wakes the dead,
And make Your people hear.

2 Revive Your work, O Lord!
While here to You we bow;

Descend, O gracious Lord,
descend:
O come and bless us now!

3 Revive Your work, O Lord!
Exalt Your precious name;
And may Your love in every
heart
Be kindled to a flame!

4 Revive Your work, O Lord!
And bless to all Your word!
And may its pure and sacred
truth
In living faith be heard!

5 Revive Your work, O Lord!
Create soul-thirst for You;
And hung'ring for the bread of
life,
Our spirits, Lord, renew!

6 Revive Your work, O Lord!
Give Pentecostal show'ers;
The glory shall be all Your
own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours!

Albert Midlane, 1825-1909*

109

Ps 139:23

CM

Search me, O God! my
actions try
And let my life appear
As seen by Your all-searching
eye,
To mine my ways make clear.

3. The Holy Spirit; The Word

2 Search all my sense and
know my heart,
Who only can make known
And let the deep, the hidden
part
To me be fully shown.

3 Throw light into the
darkened cells
Where passion reigns within;
Quicken my conscience till it
feels
The loathsomeness of sin.

4 Search all my thoughts, the
secret springs,
The motives that control;
The rebel heart where evil
things
Hold empire o'er the soul.

5 Search, till Your fiery glance
has cast
Its holy light through all
And I by grace am brought at
last
Before Your face to fall.

6 Thus prostrate I shall learn
to see,
What now I feebly prove,
That God alone in Christ can
be
Unutterable love!

Francis Bottome, 1823-94*

110

1 Sam 3:9

65.65

Speak, Lord, in the stillness,
While I am ready;

Hush my heart to listen
In expectancy.

2 Speak, O bless'ed Master,
In this quiet hour;
Let me see Your face, Lord,
Feel Your touch of pow'r.

3 For the words You're
speaking,
They are life indeed;
Living Bread from heaven,
Now my spirit feed!

4 All to You is yielded,
I am not my own;
Blissful, glad surrender,
I am Yours alone.

5 Speak, Lord, I am list'ening,
Be not silent, now;
For Your word I'm waiting,
Before You I bow.

6 Fill me with the knowledge
Of Your glorious will;
All Your own good pleasure
In Your child fulfil.

E May Grimes, 1868-1927*

111

Acts 2:2

CM

Spirit divine, inspire our
pray'r,
And make our hearts Your
home;
Descend with all Your gracious
pow'r,
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light; reveal
our need,
Our hidden failings show,
And lead us in those paths of
life
Where all on the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire and clean
our hearts
With purifying flame;
Let our whole soul an offering
be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dove and
spread Your wings,
The wings of peace and love,
Until Your church on earth
below
Joins with Your church above.

5 Come as the wind; with
rushing sound
And all-inspiring grace;
That needy sinners here may
see
The glory of Your face.

6 Spirit divine, inspire our
pray'r,
Make this lost world Your
home;
Descend with all Your gracious
pow'r,
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

Andrew Reed, 1787-1862

112

1 Cor 12:3

DSM

Spirit of faith, come down,

Reveal the things of God,
And make to us the Godhead
known,
And witness with the blood.
'Tis Yours the blood t' apply,
And give us eyes to see
Who did for guilty sinners die
Has surely died for me.

2. No one can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless You take the veil away,
And breathe the living word;
Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in His blood,
And cry, with joy unspeakable:
You are my Lord, my God!

3. O that the world might
know
The all atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend and
show
The virtue of His name;
The grace which all may find,
The saving pow'r, impart,
And testify to humankind,
And speak in every heart.

4. Inspire the living faith
Which whosoever receives,
The witness in himself he has
And consciously believes;
The faith that conquers all,
And does the mountain move,
And saves whomever on Jesus
call,
And perfects them in love.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88

113

2 Pet 1:21

96.96.86.86

Spirit of God who moved
holy men
To write for us God's word:
You speak to us now as You
did then;
Through it our hearts You
search.

*Unseen and mighty as the wind,
Gently You persuade us,
Till we submit, ne'er to rescind,
Our lives to Christ Jesus.*

2 Spirit of God who gives light
to men,
That they might know the
truth:
Do not leave us with our
wounds open;
Heal us, our conscience
soothe.

3 Spirit of God who stops evil
men
From harming more the
church:
Comfort, relief, and help to us
send;
Mold us, and our sins purge.

Bronson Paul, 1954-

114

Jer 31:33

DCM

The law that once was
placed by God

On tablets made of stone
Is now engraved on every
heart
Whom Christ has called His
own.
These words that once
condemned for sins
And showed the wrath of God
Are now the Christian's great
delight,
Made precious by the blood.

2 The Lord is God and He
alone
Is worthy of our love;
For He has raised us from the
pit
To dwell with Him above.
The Lord is jealous of our
love;
All idols He abhors,
But those, in spirit and in
truth,
Who seek Him He adores.

3 How precious are the names
of God,
His nature they declare;
But those who use His name
in vain,
The wrath of God will bear.
And precious is the sabbath
day,
The gath'ring of the church,
Who come expectant of their
Lord,
His word to know and search.

4 The Lord has said that we
must love
And honour we must give

To fathers, mothers He has
giv'n
To teach us how to live.
All murder, theft, adultery,
All coveting and lies;
These sins the Christian must
forsake,
Lest him God will chastise.

5 All those who cast aside
these words
And spurn them in this day
Do show that they are not of
God,
Despite what they may say.
For what are these Ten Words
but this:
The will of God revealed?
For unto love to God and man
The saints are saved and
sealed.

Kenneth A Puls, 1962-

115

Ps 119:130

CM

The Spirit breathes upon the
word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred
page,
Majestic, like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still
supplies

The gracious light and heat:
Its truths upon the nations
rise;
They rise, but never set.

4 All thanks to You, Spirit
divine,
For such a bright display;
As makes a world of darkness
shine
With beams of heav'nly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper, 1731-1800*

116

Lk 24:27

CM

The volume of my Father's
grace
Does all my thirst assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's
face
In almost every page.

2 This is the field where
hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own.

3 Here consecrated water
flows
To purge my love of sin;
Here the fair tree of
knowledge grows:

3. The Holy Spirit; The Word

No danger dwells therein.

4 Here is the judge that ends
all strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life
Through all this earthly vale.

5 O may Your counsels,
mighty God,
My roving feet command,
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to Your right hand.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

117

Zech 13:1

CM

There is a fountain filled
with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath
that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to
see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! Your
precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransomed church of
God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the
stream
Your flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my
theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter
song
I'll sing Your pow'r to save,
When this poor lispings,
stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

William Cowper, 1731-1800

118

2 Tim 3:16

CM

We have an all-sufficient
word
To make the simple wise;
Upon the heart the Spirit
writes
And souls from death arise.

2 With such a mighty, wielded
sword,
What more could saints
require
To fight the darkness of their
sin,
And warn men of hell fire?

3 We have a faithful, shining
light
To show us God's right way
And bring correction and
reproof,
When from this path we stray.

4 'Tis God's commands that
light our way;
Such comfort and delight
To guide us on our pilgrimage,
A beacon shining bright!

5 Lord, help us preach and
trust Your word,
The hearts of men to turn;
A savour unto life or death,
It cannot void return.

6 Yes, help us preach Your
word alone,
For it alone is true;
We need not clowns or luring
games
To draw men unto You!

7 We have an all-sufficient
word,
God-breathed in every part;
A piercing pow'r to penetrate
Depraved, cold human hearts.

Kenneth A Puls, 1962-

119

Eph 1:13-14

88.88.88

When shall I hear the
inward voice
Which only faithful souls can
hear?
Pardon, and peace, and
heav'nly joys
Come by the promised
Comforter;
I cannot rest in sins forgiv'n,

Where is the earnest of my
heav'n?

2 Where is the sure and
certain seal
That ascertains the kingdom
mine?
The pow'rful stamp I long to
feel,
The signature of love divine:
O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heav'n, of
God!

3 Come, Holy Comforter, O
come!
Nor visit as a passing guest,
But make in me Your constant
home,
And take possession of my
breast,
O say that righteousness
divine,
And Christ, and all with
Christ, are mine!

Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

120

Isa 55:11

88.88.88

Your presence, gracious God,
afford,
Prepare us to receive Your
word:
Now let Your voice engage our
ear,
And faith be mixed with what
we hear.

3. The Holy Spirit; The Word

*Open our hearts, O Lord, and
bless,
And crown Your gospel with
success.*

2 Distracting thoughts and
cares remove,
And fix our minds and hopes
above;
With food divine may we be
fed,
And satisfied with living
bread.

3 To us the sacred word apply,

With sov'reign pow'r and
energy;
And may we, moved by faith
and fear,
Reduce to practice what we
hear.

4 Father, to us, Your Son
reveal,
Teach us to know and do Your
will,
Your saving pow'r and love
display,
And guide us to the realms of
day.

John Fawcett, 1739-1817*

4 Response to God's Word

4.1 Gospel Call; Repentance; Submission

121

1 Cor 15:3

CM

Alas! and did my Saviour
bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would He devote that sacred
head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for sins that I had
done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace
unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in
darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty
Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my
blushing face
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in
thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er
repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

122

Isa 25:4; 32:2

76.86.86.86

Beneath the cross of Jesus
I gladly take my stand,
The shadow of a mighty rock,
Within a weary land;
A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the
noontide heat,
And the burden of the day.

2 O safe and happy shelter!
O refuge tried and sweet!
O trysting-place where
heaven's love
And heaven's justice meet!
As to the holy patriarch
That wondrous dream was
giv'n,
So seems my Saviour's cross to
me,
A ladder up to heav'n.

3 There lies beneath its
shadow,
But on the farther side,
The darkness of an awful
grave
That gapes both deep and
wide;
And there between us stands
the cross,
Two arms outstretched to
save,

4. Response to God's Word

Like a watchman set to guard
the way
From that eternal grave.

4 Upon that cross of Jesus
Mine eyes at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart
with tears
Two wonders I confess:
The wonders of His glorious
love,
And my own worthlessness.

5 I take, O Cross, your
shadow,
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss:
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the cross.

Elizabeth Cecilia Clephane, 1830-69*

123

Acts 16:30

CM

Come, O our all-victorious
Lord,
Your pow'r to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of
Your word,
And break these hearts of
stone.

2 O that we all might now
begin

Our foolishness to mourn,
And leave at once the paths of
sin,
And to our Saviour turn!

3 Give us ourselves and You to
know,
Make this salvation's day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

4 Show us our sin and
unbelief,
And then from guilt release;
Fill every soul with sacred
grief,
And then with sacred peace.

5 That bless'ed sense of guilt
impart,
And then remove the load;
Trouble, then wash the
troubled heart
In the atoning blood.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88

124

Isa 55:1

87.87.47

Come, you sinners, poor and
needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and
sore;
Jesus ready stands to save
you,
Full of pity, love, and pow'r;
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Now, you needy, come and
welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true
repentance,
Every grace that brings you
nigh;
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you
linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness that He looks for
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you:
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, you weary, heavy
laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you wait until you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 View Him prostrate in the
garden,
On the ground your Maker
lies!
On the awful tree behold Him,
Hear Him cry before He dies,
It is finished!
Sinner, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God,
ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood:
Venture on Him, venture
wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus

Can do helpless sinners good.

Joseph Hart, 1712-68*

125

Lk 24:45

Irreg

Give me a sight, O Saviour,
Of Your wondrous love to me,
Of the love that brought You
down to earth,
To die on Calvary.

*O make me understand it,
Help me to take it in,
What it meant to You, the Holy
One,
To bear away my sin.*

2 Was it the nails, O Saviour,
That bound You to the tree?
No, 'twas Your everlasting
love,
Your love for me, for me.

3 O wonder of all wonders,
That through Your death for
me
My open sins, my secret sins,
Can all forgiven be!

4 Then melt my heart, O
Saviour,
Bend me and break me down,
Until I own You Conqueror,
And Lord and Sov'reign
crown.

Katherine Agnes May Kelly,
1869-1942

126

Ps 51

88.6.88.6

God of unfathomable love,
Whose stores of deep
compassion move
To Adam's fallen race:
Here, at Your feet, a sinner
see,
In tender mercy look on me,
And all my sins efface.

2 You, Holy God, have I
defied;
In judgement You are justified;
Why should I be forgiv'n?
I long abused Your patient
grace,
And long provoked You to
Your face;
I dared the wrath of heav'n.

3 O let Your love to me
o'erflow,
Your all-surpassing kindness
show:
Abundantly forgive;
Remove my vile and guilty
load,
Blot out my sin with Jesus's
blood,
And bid this sinner live.

4 Take the strong pow'r of sin
away,
Nor let me in its bondage stay;
My inmost soul convert;
O wash me from my ugly
stain,
Come, Lord, and make me
thoroughly clean,
Create me pure in heart.

5 God of unfathomable love,
Give me Your Spirit from
above;
As I my life commit,
To You to serve, Your name to
praise;
Nothing mine own to plead
my case,
Save Calvary's merit.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88
v 5 added

127

Isa 6:8

87.87.D

Have you heard the voice of
Jesus
Softly pleading with your
heart?
Have you felt His presence
glorious,
As He calls your soul apart,
With a love so true and loyal,
Love divine that ever flows
From a Saviour, righteous,
royal,
And a cross that mercy shows?

2 Have you heard the voice of
mercy
Granting peace and pardon
pure?
Have you felt the balm of
Calv'ry
Binding all your wounds
secure?
Was there ever such salvation?
Was there ever care like this?

See the Saviour's grief and
passion,
Grace and mercy's gentle kiss.

3 Have you heard the Saviour
calling
All to leave and follow Him?
Have you felt His person
drawing
With compulsion lives to win?
Hearken to His invitation,
To the music of God's grace;
Let the peace of God's
salvation
Fill your soul, and love
embrace.

4 Will you hear the voice of
Jesus
Calling home to mansions
fair?
Will you know the promise
precious,
And the Shepherd's tender
care?
Yes, if you in life responded
To God's grace and gospel
sound:
For they never are confounded
Who believed and Jesus
found.

William Vernon Higham, 1926-2016

128

Lk 18:13

LM

Hear, gracious God, a
sinner's cry!
For I have nowhere else to fly;

No other hope than You I see:
O God, be merciful to me!

2 To You I come, a sinner poor,
And wait for mercy at Your
door;
For, Lord, I've nowhere else to
flee;
O God, be merciful to me!

3 To You I come, a sinner
weak,
Scarce knowing how to pray
or speak;
From fear and weakness set
me free:
O God, be merciful to me!

4 To You I come, a sinner vile,
Upon me, Lord, be pleased to
smile,
Mercy alone I make my plea:
O God, be merciful to me!

5 To You I come, a sinner
great,
And well You know my awful
state;
Great Your forgiveness as the
sea:
O God, be merciful to me!

6 To You I come, a sinner lost,
Having no worth in which to
trust;
But where You are, Lord, I
would be:
O God, be merciful to me!

Samuel Medley, 1738-99*

129

Mt 11:28-30

SM+

I hear the welcome voice
Of Jesus calling me,
For cleansing in His precious
blood
That flowed on Calvary.

*I am coming, Lord,
Coming near quickly,
Wash me, cleanse me, in the
blood
That flowed on Calvary.*

2 Though coming weak and
vile,
You do my strength assure;
You do my vileness fully
cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope and peace and
trust,
For earth and heav'n above.

4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The bless'd work within,
By adding grace to welcomed
grace,
Where reigned the pow'r of
sin.

Lewis Hartsough, 1828-1919*

130

Ps 57:1

77.77.D

Jesus! Lover of my soul,
Let me to Your bosom fly,

While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on
You!
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Grant support and comfort
true!
All my trust on You is stayed,
All my help from You I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Your wing.

3 You, O Christ, are all I want,
More than all in You I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the
faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the
blind.
Just and holy is Your name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
You are full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with You is
found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams
abound,
Make and keep me pure
within.
Life's true fountain is in You,
Let me draw from You alone;
Fill my thirsting soul anew,
Till I arrive safely home.

Charles Wesley, 1701-88*

131

Mk 9:24

CM

Jesus! Redeemer, Saviour,
Lord,
The weary sinner's Friend,
Come to my help, pronounce
the word,
And bid my troubles end.

2 Deliv'rance to my soul
proclaim,
And life, and liberty;
Shed forth the virtue of Your
name,
Reveal Yourself to me!

3 Faith to be healed, I long to
have,
O may it now be giv'n;
You can the vilest sinners save,
And make them fit for heav'n.

4 You can o'ercome this heart
of mine,
And all-victorious prove;
Yours, everlasting strength
divine,
And everlasting love.

5 Your mighty Spirit shall
subdue
Unconquerable sin,
Cleanse this foul heart, and
make it new,
And write Your law within.

6 Bound fast by countless
earthly ties,
Yet let me hear Your call;

My fettered soul shall then
arise,
Obey and break through all.

Augustus Montague Toplady,
1740-78
Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

132

John 1:29

888.6.iambic

Just as I am, without one
plea,
But that Your blood was shed
for me,
And You bid sinners, "Come to
Me,"
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark
blot,
To You, whose blood can
cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed
about
With many a conflict, many a
doubt,
Fightings and fears within,
without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched,
blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the
mind,
Yes, all I need, in You to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am, You will
receive,
Will welcome, pardon,
cleanse, relieve;
Since it's Your promise I
believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am, Your love
unknown
Has broken every barrier
down;
Now to be Yours, yes, Yours
alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871*

133

Mt 11:28

88.88.88

Loosed from my God, and far
removed,
Long have I wandered to and
fro,
Through life in endless circles
round,
Not finding peace and rest
below:
To You, my God, at last I fly,
O bless me Saviour, now draw
nigh.

2 Selfish pursuits and
pleasure's maze,
The things of earth, for You I
leave;
Stretch forth Your pard'ning
hand of grace,

And my lost life to You
receive;
Take this unstable soul of
mine,
And to You, Saviour, ever
bind.

3 Fill me with life, and love,
and peace,
Stablish and keep my settled
heart;
In You may all my wand'rings
cease,
From You no more may I
depart;
Your utmost kindness may I
prove,
Loved with an everlasting
love!

Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

134

Lk 7:22

LM

Lord, I was blind, I could not
see
In Your marred visage any
grace;
But now the beauty of Your
face
In radiant vision dawns on
me.

2 Lord, I was deaf, I could not
hear
The thrilling music of Your
voice;
But now I hear You and
rejoice,

And sweet are all Your words,
and dear.

3 Lord, I was dumb, I could
not speak
The grace and glory of Your
name;
But now, as touched with
living flame,
My lips Your eager praises
wake.

4 Lord, I was dead, I could not
stir
My lifeless soul to come to
You;
But now, since You have made
me new,
I rise from sin's dark
sepulchre.

5 For You have made the blind
to see,
The deaf to hear, the dumb to
speak,
The dead to live; and You did
break
The chains of my captivity.

William Tidd Matson, 1833-99*

135

Heb 12:2

664.666.4

My faith looks up to You,
Calvary comes to view,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O, let Your peace this day
Upon me shine.

2 May Your rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
As You have died for me,
And from sin's pow'r set free,
Let my love to You be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I
tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be, Lord, my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From You aside.

4 When ends life's transient
dream,
When death's cold, sullen
stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

Ray Palmer, 1808-87*

136

Eph 2:8-9

SM

Not what these hands have
done
Can save this guilty soul;
Not what this toiling flesh has
borne
Can make my spirit whole.

2 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;

4. Response to God's Word

Not all my pray'rs, and sighs,
and tears
Can bear my awful load.

3 Your work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Your blood alone, O Lamb of
God,
Can give me peace within.

4 Your love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to You,
Can rid me of sin's dark
unrest,
And make my nature new.

5 Your grace alone, O God,
To me can pardon speak;
Your pow'r alone, O Son of
God,
Can sin's sore bondage break.

6 I bless the Christ of God,
I rest on love divine,
And with unfalt'ring lip and
heart
I call this Saviour mine.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89*

137

Ezek 36:26

LM

O for a glance of heav'nly
day,
To take this stubborn heart
away;
And thaw with beams of love
divine

This heart, this frozen heart of
mine.

2 The rocks may rend, the
earth may quake;
The seas can roar, the
mountains shake:
Of feeling, all things show
some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of
mine.

3 To hear the sorrows You
have felt,
The hardest flint on earth
would melt:
But can I read each tender
line,
And nothing move this heart
of mine?

4 Your judgements, too, which
devils fear,
Amazing thought! unmoved I
hear;
Goodness and wrath in vain
combine
To stir this senseless heart of
mine.

5 But there's One who can do
the deed,
And His resistless touch I
need!
Your Spirit can my dross
refine,
And move and melt this heart
of mine.

Joseph Hart, 1712-68

138

Hos 14:4

88.88.88

O Jesus, full of truth and
grace,
More full of grace than I of
sin,
Yet once again I seek Your
face;
Open Your arms and take me
in,
And freely my backslidings
heal,
And love the faithless sinner
still.

2 You know the way to bring
me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O, for Your truth and mercy's
sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no
more;
The ru'ins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of
pray'r.

3 The stone to flesh do You
convert,
The trait of sinfulness remove;
O speak into my wayward
heart,
And melt it down by dying
love;
This rebel heart, O now
subdue,
And make it tender, form it
new.

4 O give me, Lord, the tender
heart

That trembles at th' approach
of sin;
A godly fear of sin impart,
Implant, and root it deep
within,
That I may dread Your
gracious pow'r,
And never dare offend You
more.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88

139

2 Cor 5:21

CM

O Lord, from whom
nothing's concealed,
Who sees my inward frame;
To You I always stand revealed
Exactly as I am!

2 Since I, at times, can hardly
bear
What in myself I see;
How vile and foul must I
appear,
To You, God most holy!

3 But since my Saviour stands
between,
Who shed His precious blood,
'Tis He, instead of me who's
seen,
When I approach to God.

4 Thus, though a sinner, I am
safe:
He pleads before the throne
His life and death on my
behalf,
And calls my sins His own.

4. Response to God's Word

5 What wondrous love, what
mysteries,
In this arrangement shine!
My breaches of the law are
His,
And His obedience mine.

John Newton, 1725-1807*

140

Mt 26:64

LM

O shrink, my soul, when
man in sin
Dares mocking Christ, the
crucified,
Who in apparent weakness
then
For guilty sinners bled and
died.

2 They still mock Him, who
now above
In glory reigns: unseen
indeed.
They still reject the King of
love,
Their only hope in time of
need.

3 Oh, He shall to this earth
return
And all who ever lived shall
stand
Before His judgement throne
and learn
That mockers shall from
heav'n be banned.

4 God is not mocked, we'll one
day see;
For what one sows in time
before,
One harvests in eternity.
O come, my soul, turn to the
Lord!

John Goris, 1937-

141

Col 1:13

9896.9996

Out of my bondage, sorrow,
and night,
Jesus, I come! Jesus, I come!
Into Your freedom, gladness,
and light,
Jesus, I come to You!
Out of my sickness into Your
health,
Out of my want and into Your
wealth,
Out of my sin and into
Yourself,
Jesus, I come to You!

2 Out of my shameful failure
and loss,
Jesus, I come! Jesus, I come!
Into the glorious gain of Your
cross,
Jesus, I come to You!
Out of earth's sorrows into
Your balm,
Out of life's storm and into
Your calm,
Out of distress to jubilant
psalm,
Jesus, I come to You!

3 Out of unrest and arrogant
pride,
Jesus, I come! Jesus, I come!
Into Your bless'ed will to
abide,
Jesus, I come to You!
Out of myself to dwell in Your
love,
Out of despair to raptures
above,
Upward always on wings like
a dove,
Jesus, I come to You!

4 Out of the fear and dread of
the tomb,
Jesus, I come! Jesus, I come!
Into the joy and light of Your
home,
Jesus, I come to You!
Out of the depths of ru'in
untold,
Into the peace of Your
shelt'ring fold,
Ever Your glorious face to
behold,
Jesus, I come to You!

W. T. Sleeper, 1840-1920

142

Mt 9:12

CM

Physician of my sin-sick soul,
To You I bring my case;
My raging malady control,
And heal me by Your grace.

2 Pity the anguish I endure,
See how I mourn and pine;

For never can I gain a cure
But from Your hand divine.

3 I would disclose my whole
complaint,
But where shall I begin?
No words of mine can fully
paint
The picture of my sin.

4 It lies not in a single part,
But through my life is spread;
With deep corruption in my
heart,
And evil in my head.

5 It makes me deaf, and
dumb, and blind,
Disfigured, weak and lame;
And overclouds and fills my
mind
With folly, self and shame.

6 O Lord of mercy, hear my
cry,
And set my spirit free:
You will let not a sinner die
Who seeks You for mercy.

John Newton, 1725-1807*

143

Ps 18:2

77.77.77

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
To You I for safety flee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Your wounded side
which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;

Cleanse me from its guilt and
pow'r.

2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil Your law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite
know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
You must save, and You alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Your cross I cling;
Naked, come to You for dress;
Helpless, look to You for
grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting
breath,
When my eyelids close in
death,
When I soar to worlds
unknown,
See You on Your judgement
throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
To You I for safety flee.

Augustus Montague Toplady,
1740-78*

144

Ps 51:12

10.10.10.10

Wearry of earth, and laden
with my sin,
I look at heav'n and long to
enter in;

But there no evil thing may
find a home,
And yet I hear a voice that
bids me come.

2 So vile I am, how dare I
hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy
land?
Before the brightness of that
throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched
out to draw me near.

3 How can a sinner tread the
heav'nly way?
Evil is ever with me day by
day;
Yet, from the Lord, I hear a
gracious call:
"Repent, believe, and be
released from all."

4 It is the voice of Jesus that I
hear;
His are the hands stretched
out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for
me atone,
And set me faultless there
before the throne.

5 There, You will answer for
me, righteous Lord;
Yours all the merit, mine the
great reward;
Yours the sharp thorns, and
mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and Yours
the life laid down.

Samuel John Stone, 1839-1900

145

Lk 18:13

LM

With broken heart and
contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
Your pard'ning grace is rich
and free;
O God! be merciful to me.

2 I smite upon my troubled
breast,
With deep and conscious guilt
oppressed:
Christ and His cross my only
plea;
O God! be merciful to me.

3 Far off I stand with tearful
eyes,

Nor dare uplift them to the
skies;
But You do all my anguish see;
O God! be merciful to me.

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I
have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee;
O God! be merciful to me.

5 And when, redeemed from
sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng
I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever
be,
God has been merciful to me.

Cornelius Elven, 1797-1873

4.2 Trust; Thanksgiving; Consecration

146

Phil 1:6

88.88.D

A debtor to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear, with Your
 righteousness on,
My person and off'ring to
 bring;
The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to
 do;
My Saviour's obedience and
 blood
Hide all my transgressions
 from view.

2 The work which His
 goodness began,
The arm of His strength will
 complete;
His promise is Yes and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet;
Things future, nor things that
 are now,
Nor all things below or above,
Can make Him His purpose
 forgo,
Or sever my soul from His
 love.

3 My name from the palms of
 His hands
Eternity will not erase;
Impressed on His heart it
 remains,
In marks of indelible grace;
Yes, I to the end shall endure,

As sure as the earnest is giv'n;
More happy, but not more
 secure,
The glorified spirits in heav'n.

Augustus Montague Toplady,
1740-78

147

Ex 13:18

87.87.D

All the way my Saviour leads
 me:
What have I to ask beside?
Can I doubt His tender mercy,
Who through life has been my
 Guide?
Heav'nly peace, divinest
 comfort,
Here by faith in Him to dwell!
For I know whate'er befall me,
Jesus will do all things well.

2 All the way my Saviour
 leads me:
Cheers each winding path I
 tread;
Gives me grace for every tri'al,
Feeds me with the living
 bread.
Though my weary steps may
 falter,
And my soul may thirsting be,
Gushing from the rock before
 me,
Lo! a spring of joy I see.

3 All the way my Saviour
leads me;
O the fulness of His love!
Perfect rest to me is promised
In my Father's house above.
When my spirit, clothed
immortal,
Wings its flight to realms of
day,
This my song through endless
ages,
Jesus led me all the way.

Fanny J. Crosby, 1823-1915

148

Eph 2:8

CM

Amazing grace! how sweet
the sound
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am
found;
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my
heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace
appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils
and snares
I have already come;
'Tis grace that brought me
safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good
to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion
be
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this heart and
flesh shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve
like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here
below,
Will be for ever mine.

John Newton, 1725-1807

149

Rm 8:12-17

66.66.88

Arise, my soul, arise,
Shake off all doubting fears;
The perfect sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Sur'ty
stands,
My name is written on His
hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood secures His
ransomed race,

And speaks before the throne
of grace.

3 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son:
His Spirit answers to the
blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

4 My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw
nigh,
And "Father, Abba, Father!"
cry.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88

150

Ps 46:10

10.10.10.D

Be still, my soul: the Lord is
on your side;
Bear patiently the cross of
grief or pain;
Leave to your God to order
and provide;
In every change He faithful
will remain.
Be still, my soul: your best
and heav'nly Friend
Through thorny ways leads to
a joyful end.

2 Be still, my soul: the Lord
will undertake

To guide the future as He has
the past.

Your hope and confidence, let
nothing shake;

All now mysterious shall be
clear at last.

Be still, my soul: the waves
and winds still know

His voice who ruled them
while He dwelt below.

3 Be still, my soul: the hour is
hast'ning on

When we shall be for ever
with the Lord,

When disappointment, grief,
and fear are gone,

Sorrow forgot, love's purest
joys restored.

Be still, my soul: when change
and tears are past,

All safe and bless'ed we shall
meet at last.

Katharina von Schlegel, b 1697

tr Jane Laurie Borthwick, 1813-97

151

Rm 8:17

9.10.99.99

Bless'ed assurance, Jesus is
mine!

O what a foretaste of glory
divine!

Heir of salvation, purchase of
God;

Born of His Spirit, washed in
His blood.

*This is my story, this is my
song,
Praising my Saviour all the day
long.*

2 Perfect submission, perfect
delight,
Visions of rapture bursting on
my sight;
Angels descending, bring from
above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of
love.

3 Perfect submission, all is at
rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and
blest,
Watching and waiting, looking
above,
Filled with His goodness, lost
in His love.

Fanny J. Crosby, 1823-1915

152

2 Tim 1:12 CM +

I know not why God's
wondrous grace
To me has been made known;
Nor why, unworthy as I am,
He claimed me for His own.

*But "I know whom I have
believ'ed;
And am persuaded that He is
able
To keep what I have committed
Unto Him until that Day."*

2 I know not why this saving
faith
To me He did impart;
Or how believing in His word
Wrought peace within my
heart.

3 I know not what of good or
ill
May be reserved for me,
Of weary ways or golden days
Before His face I see.

4 I know not when my Lord
may come;
I know not how, nor where;
If I shall pass the vale of
death,
Or meet Him in the air.

Daniel Webster Whittle, 1840-1901

153

Ps 116 CM

I love the Lord who heard my
cry,
And granted my request;
In Him who hears and
answers pray'r,
My trust through life shall
rest.

2 With deadly sorrows
compassed round,
My heart was full of grief;
Then to the Lord I made my
pray'r,
That He would send relief.

3 The Lord is just and
merciful,
And gracious to the meek;
He saved me when I cried to
Him,
Though I was poor and weak.

4 Return unto your rest, my
soul,
No longer troubled be;
The Lord's sustaining love has
dealt
Most graciously with me.

5 Before my Saviour I will live,
From death He saved my soul;
My eyes from tears, my feet
from falls,
And He has made me whole.

6 In my affliction this I found,
That human help deceived;
But ever faithful was the Lord,
In whom my soul believed.

The Psalter, 1912

154

Gal 2:20

87.87.D

I will sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me;
How He left the realms of
glory,
For the cross on Calvary.
Yes, I'll sing the wondrous
story
Of the Christ who died for me;
Sing it with His saints in glory,
Gathered by the crystal sea.

2 I was lost, but Jesus found
me,
Found the sheep that went
astray;
Raised me up and gently led
me
Back into the narrow way.
Days of darkness still may
meet me,
Sorrows paths I oft may tread;
But His presence still is with
me,
By His guiding hand I'm led.

3 He will keep me till the river
Rolls its waters at my feet;
Then He'll bear me safely over,
Made by grace for glory meet.
Yes, I'll sing the wondrous
story
Of the Christ who died for me;
Sing it with the saints in glory,
Gathered by the crystal sea.

Francis Harold Rawley, 1854-1952

155

Lk 22:61

CM

In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new wonder shocked my
sight,
And stopped my wild career.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His loving eyes on
me,
As near His cross I stood.

3 Never until my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with
His death,
Though not a word He spoke.

4 My conscience felt and
owned the guilt,
And fell to deep despair;
I saw my sins His blood had
spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

5 Another look He gave,
which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood has for your
ransom paid;
I die, that you may live."

6 Thus while His death my sin
displays
In all its ugly hue,
Such is the wonder of His
grace,
It seals my pardon too.

John Newton, 1725-1807

156

Lk 12:32

76.76.D

In heav'nly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here:
The storm may roar without
me,
My heart may low be laid;
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom is e'er awake,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the safe way to take
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before
me
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er
me,
Where the dark clouds have
been:
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure
And He will walk with me.

Anna L Waring, 1820-1910

157

John 14:27

65.65.65.65.+

Like a river glorious
Is God's perfect peace,
Over all victorious
In its bright increase;
Perfect, yet it's flowing
Fuller every day;
Perfect, yet it's growing
Deeper all the way.

*Stayed upon Jehovah,
Hearts are fully blest;
Finding, as He promised,
Perfect peace and rest.*

2 Hidden in the hollow
Of His bless'ed hand,
Never foe can follow,
Never traitor stand;
We may trust Him fully
All for us to do;
They who trust Him wholly
Find Him wholly true.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836-79

158

Rev 14:4

76.76.D

Lord Jesus, I have promised
To serve You to the end;
Be, Lord, for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend:
I shall not fear the battle
If You are by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If You will be my Guide.

2 O, let me feel You near me:
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, O Lord, draw now nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O, let me hear You speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will;
O, speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control;
O, speak, and make me listen,
You Guardian of my soul.

4 Lord Jesus, You have
promised
To all who follow You
That where You are in glory
There shall they all be too;
And, O Lord, I have promised
To serve You to the end;
O, give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.

5 O, let me see Your
footmarks,
And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Your strength alone:
O, guide me, call me, draw
me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in heav'n receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend!

John Ernest Bode, 1816-74*

159

Dt 13:4

10.10.10.10

Lord, You're my vision, the
King of my heart;
You only I cling to, from all I
part;
You are my best thought, by
day or by night,
Waking or sleeping, Your
presence my light.

2 Lord, You're my wisdom, my
sure and true word;
I ever with You and You with
me, Lord;
You my great Father, and I
Your true child;

Through Christ forgiven, with
You reconciled.

3 Lord, You're my
battle-shield, sword for the
fight;
You are my dignity, You my
delight,
You my soul's shelter, and You
my high tow'r:
Raise me heavenward,
O Pow'r of my pow'r.

4 Riches I heed not, nor man's
empty praise;
You're my inheritance, now
and always:
None but You only, are first in
my heart,
High King of heaven, from all
else I part.

5 High King of heaven, when
vict'ry is won,
May I reach heaven's joys, O
bright heav'n's Sun!
Heart of my own heart,
whatever befall,
Still be my vision, O Ruler of
all.

Ancient Irish
tr by Elizabeth Byrne, 1880-1931
and Eleanor Henrietta Hull,
1860-1935*

160

Ps 40:2

88.88.88

My hope is built on nothing
less

Than Jesus's blood and
righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest
frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus's
name.

*On Christ, the solid rock, I
stand;
All other ground is sinking
sand.*

2 When darkness seems to veil
His face,
I rest on His unchanging
grace;
In every rough and stormy
gale
My anchor holds within the
veil.

3 His oath, His covenant and
blood
Support me in the 'whelming
flood;
When all around my soul
gives way,
He then is all my hope and
stay.

4 When I shall launch in
worlds unseen,
O may I then be found in Him;
Clothed in His righteousness
alone,
Faultless to stand before His
throne.

Edward Mote, 1797-1874

161

Ps 126:3

67.67.66.66

Now thank we all our God,
With hearts and hands and
voices,
Who wondrous things has
done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who, from our mothers' arms,
Has blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours today.

2 O, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near
us,
With ever-joyful hearts
And His own peace to cheer
us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With Them in highest heaven;
The one eternal God,
Whom earth and heav'n
adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Martin Rinkart, 1586-1649
tr Catherine Winkworth, 1827-78

162

Mic 6:8

CM

O for a closer walk with God,

A calm and heav'nly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I
knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing
view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once
enjoyed!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching
void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made You
mourn,
And drove You from my
breast.

5 The dearest idol I have
known,
Whene'er it comes to view,
Help me to tear it from Your
throne,
And worship only You.

6 So shall my walk be close
with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the
road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper, 1731-1800*

163

Ps 139:7

76.76.76.76

On mountains and in valleys
Our God is everywhere.
Exalted in the heavens
And on the earth: He's there!
Where'er my thoughts may
wander

Escape Him I shall not!
Whatever ills may squander,
Yet He controls my lot!

2 God's searching eyes
observe me,
His loving heart is near.
His caring hand sustains me,
My cries will reach His ear.
He bids me, "Be not anxious!"
Far more than for the birds
And for the fragrant flowers,
He cares for human worth.

3 When I feel quite forsaken
And no one understands.
When all my strength is
shaken,
He holds me in His hands.
When this my life is fading
And death agaping waits,
I, on His mercy pleading,
Shall enter heaven's gates!

John Goris, 1937-

164

Eph 1:3-14; Rev 22:1-5 11.7.11.7.D

O'ur God predestined us to
adoption—
To the praise of His glory.

Redemption through Jesus's
blood, the forgiveness
Of our sins – that's the story.

*We resolve to live in praise of
God our Lord
Who showed us love and mercy;
God will never leave nor
forsake His people,
Those blood-bought, from sin
set free.*

2 The Spirit – the seal of our
inheritance,
He it is – the guarantee.
The gospel proclaimed to all is
the method
Ordained for the blind to see.

3 In the New Jerusalem dwell
the redeemed,
The Lamb, and God Almighty;
The river flows from the
throne, while the nations
Are healed by leaves of the
tree.

4 A new song we'll sing to
Him amidst the throne,
In that peaceful home-city;
Just and true are Your ways,
Lord, great and marv'llous
Your works, Lord God
Almighty!

5 Full our joy, and pure our
love, and our service,
Acceptable and holy;
One Shepherd, one flock by
the river of life,
Blest to all eternity.

Bronson Paul, 1954-

165

Acts 12:12

DLM

Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet
hour of pray'r!
That calls us from a world of
care,
And bids us at our Father's
throne
Make all our wants and
wishes known.
In seasons of distress and
grief,
Our souls have often found
relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's
snare
By your return, sweet hour of
pray'r!

2 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet
hour of pray'r!
The joys we feel, the bliss we
share
Of those whose anxious spirits
burn
With strong desires for your
return!
With such we hasten to the
place
Where God our Saviour shows
His face,
And gladly take our station
there,
And wait for you, sweet hour
of pray'r!

3 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet
hour of pray'r!
Your wings shall my petition
bear

To Him whose truth and
faithfulness
Engage the waiting souls to
bless.
And since He bids us seek His
face,
Believe His word, and trust
His grace,
We'll cast on Him our every
care,
And wait for you, sweet hour
of pray'r!

4 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet
hour of pray'r!
May we your consolations
share:
From our Father's throne we
arise,
Of salvation, all to apprise.
All excuses we'll drop, and
rise,
To preach Christ the eternal
prize;
Till the trumpet sounds in the
air,
Confirming this sweet hour of
pray'r.

William W Walford (c. 1842)*

166

Ps 126:3

11.11.11.11.+

To God be the glory, great
things He has done!
So loved He the world that He
gave us His Son,
Who yielded His life an
atonement for sin

And opened the life-gate that
we may go in.

*Praise the Lord! Praise the
Lord!*

Let the earth hear His voice!

*Praise the Lord! Praise the
Lord!*

Let the people rejoice!

*O come to the Father through
Jesus the Son;*

*And give Him the glory, great
things He has done!*

2 O perfect redemption, the
purchase of blood!
To every believer the promise
of God;
The vilest offender who truly
believes,
That moment from Jesus a
pardon receives.

3 Great things He has taught
us, great things He has
done
And great our rejoicing
through Jesus the Son;
But purer, and higher, and
greater will be
Our wonder, our transport,
when Jesus we see!

Fanny J Crosby 1823-1915 alt

167

1 John 1:9

88.88.88

We have not known You as
we ought,

Nor learned Your wisdom,
grace, and pow'r;
The things of earth have filled
our thought,
And trifles of the passing hour.
Lord, give us light Your truth
to see,
So that wise in You we may
be.

2 We have not feared You as
we ought,
Nor bowed beneath Your
watchful eye,
Nor guarded deed, and word,
and thought,
Remembering that God was
nigh.
Lord, give us faith to know
You near,
And grant the grace of holy
fear.

3 We have not loved You as
we ought,
Nor cared whether we grow in
grace;
Your presence we have coldly
sought,
And feebly longed to see Your
face.
Lord, give a heart loving and
pure
To feel, and know, and love
You more.

4 We have not served You as
we ought;
Alas! the duties left undone,
The work with little fervour
wrought,

The battles lost, or scarcely
won!
Lord, give the zeal, and give
the might,
For You to toil, for You to fight.

5 When shall we know You as
we ought,
And fear, and love, and serve
aright?
When shall we, out of tri'al
brought,
Be perfect in the land of light?
Lord, may we day by day
prepare
To see Your face, and serve
You there.

Thomas Benson Pollock, 1836-96*

168

John 6:67

CM

When any turn from Zion's
way,
As some have seemed to do,
I hear my Lord and Saviour
say,
"Will you forsake Me too?"

2 Ah, Lord, with such a heart
as mine,
Unless You hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 Yet You alone have pow'r I
know
To save a wretch like me:

To whom or to where could I
go,
If not You for safety?

4 Beyond a doubt, I rest
assured
You are the Christ of God;
Who has eternal life secured
By promise and by blood.

5 No voice but Yours can give
me rest,
And bid my fears depart:
No love but Yours can make
me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

6 What anguish has that
question stirred,
That I might also stray,
Yet, Lord, relying on Your
word,
I'll never go away.

John Newton, 1725-1807*

169

Phil 3:8

LM

When I survey the wondrous
cross
On which the Prince of glory
died,
My richest gain I count but
loss,
And pour contempt on all my
pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should
boast,

Save in the death of Christ my
God:

All the vain things that charm
me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See from His head, His
hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled
down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow
meet
Or thorns compose so rich a
crown?

4 Were the whole realm of
nature mine,
That were an offering far too
small,
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my
all.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

170

Prov 16:20

669.669.+

When we walk with the Lord
In the light of His word,
What a glory He sheds on our
way!

While we do His good will,
He abides with us still
And with all who will trust
and obey.

*Trust and obey, for there's no
other way*

*To be happy in Jesus but to
trust and obey.*

2 Not a shadow can rise,
Not a cloud in the skies,
But His smile quickly drives it
away;
Not a doubt nor a fear,
Not a sigh nor a tear
Can abide while we trust and
obey.

3 Not a burden we bear,
Not a sorrow we share
But our toil He does richly
repay;
Not a grief nor a loss,
Not a frown nor a cross
But is blest if we trust and
obey.

4 But we never can prove
The delights of His love
Until all on the altar we lay;
For the favour He shows
And the joy He bestows
Are for them who will trust
and obey.

5 Then in fellowship sweet
We will sit at His feet
Or we'll walk by His side in
the way;
What He says we will do,
Where He sends we will go,
Never fear, only trust and
obey.

John H Sammis, 1846-1919

4.3 Service; Fellowship; Missions

171

Jer 31:31-34

DCM

"Behold, the coming of the days,"
Declares the Lord, our God,
"When I will make with Isra'el
And Judah a new bond."
"Not as the promise which I
made
And which their fathers
broke."
The law in stone was shown
to be
A harsh and threat'ning yoke.

2 "My law shall be in every
heart
To teach them to obey
And it shall be their great
delight
To serve me in that day."
"I shall prepare a sacrifice
By shedding precious blood
To bring my people near to
Me,
So shall I be their God."

3 "No more shall men their
neighbours teach,
For all within this bond
By faith in Jesus Christ shall
know
That I the Lord am God."
"I shall forgive their lawless
deeds,
Remember sins no more,

For in that day grace will
abound
Through Jesus Christ the
Lord."

4 And now our Saviour, Christ
has come;
He died to set us free.
He paid our debt the law
demands
For sin and treachery.
He lived a life of holiness,
Fulfilled the law's commands;
So now the church within this
bond
In His righteousness stands.

5 Behold, the new Jerusalem,
The Isra'el of God,
Who were condemned to
wrath and hell,
Now purchased by His blood;
And who once were not a
people,
But now have been brought
near
As the true seed of Abraham,
A bride lov'd and dear!

Kenneth A Puls, 1962-

172

Isa 2:2-5

CM

**Behold the mountain of the
Lord
In latter days shall rise**

On mountain tops above the
hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations
round,
All tribes and tongues shall
flow,
"Up to the hill of God," they'll
say,
"And to His house we'll go."

3 The Word that shines from
Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
Our Saviour-King shall teach
His ways,
And countless hearts
command.

4 Among the nations He shall
judge,
And into truth shall guide;
He many people shall rebuke,
And quell the sinner's pride.

5 His subjects shall be filled
with love
To harvest souls these years;
To ploughshares they shall
beat their swords,
To pruning hooks their spears.

6 His own, among the nations
set,
All racial hate disown,
And national pride
subordinate
To serve th' eternal throne.

7 O "House of Jacob," called of
God,

Elect from every land,
O come and walk in His great
light,
Beneath His mighty hand.

Adapted from Michael Bruce,
1746-67

173

Mt 6:13-16; 6:1-4 99.13.55.13

Behold, we are the salt of the
earth!
Behold, we are the light of the
world!
If salt loses its flavour, how
shall it be seasoned?
O salt of the earth!
O light of the world!
A city set on a hill will never
be hidden!

2 Truly, a lamp is not lit and
put
Under the basket for it to die;
Instead it gives to all light
when placed on a
lampstand.
Men will see our good,
God they'll glorify;
O brethren, teach the Word to
let shine light before men!

3 Good works are not meant
for men to praise,
Stirring up pride which we
keep at bay;
Our hearts are not on earth,
our treasures are in
heaven.

Pray'r to God we raise,
Christ alone obey;
Things in secret done, will
God reward in the open.

Bronson Paul, 1954-

174

Isa 51:11

SM

Come, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet
accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place;
True worship never was
designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heav'nly
King
Must speak their joys abroad.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A stream of joys untold,
Before we reach the heav'nly
fields,
Or walk the streets of gold.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through
Emmanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

6 There shall we see His face
And never, never sin;

There from the rivers of His
grace
Drink endless pleasures in.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

175

Lk 4:43

76.76.D

Facing a task unfinished,
That drives us to our knees,
A need that, undiminished,
Rebukes our slothful ease,
We, who rejoice to know You,
Renew before Your throne
The solemn pledge we owe
You
To go and make You known.

2 We bear the torch that
flaming
Fell from the hands of those
Who gave their lives
proclaiming
That Jesus died and rose.
Ours is the same commission,
The same glad message ours,
Fired by the same ambition,
To You we yield our pow'rs.

3 O Father who sustained
them,
O Spirit who inspired,
Saviour, whose love
constrained them
To toil with zeal untired,
From cowardice defend us,
From lethargy awake!
Forth on Your errands send us
To labour for Your sake.

Frank Houghton, 1894-1972

176

Rev 20:2

11.10.11.10

Go forth, O saints, and
preach to all the nations,
Exposing sin that men may
see their need,
Revealing Christ that they may
find forgiveness,
And His commandments teach
the saints to heed.

2 Go forth in pow'r, assured
God's word will tri'umph;
For all whom God has chosen
will believe.
For Christ has come, laid hold,
and bound the strongman;
Shown forth His light for
sinners to receive.

3 Upon the cross our Saviour
made atonement;
The empty tomb, He
tri'umphed o'er the grave.
The serpent's head was
bruised; he was defeated;
The debt was paid for those
Christ came to save.

4 The dragon bound, the
gospel shines in vict'ry;
The Sov'reign God restrains
the world of sin.
A thousand years, the church
blooms forth in fullness
'Till all the saints are safely
gathered in.

5 So go in hope, O saints, and
preach the gospel;

Though Satan rages, it is God
who reigns,
For there is none now lost in
sin and darkness
God's pow'r unable to loose
from his chains.

Kenneth A Puls, 1962-

177

Ps 110

87.87.87.D

God did plan from eternity,
To save all of His elect;
In the fulness of time Christ
came,
Freedom from sin to effect;
Risen from death, in heav'n
seated,
His Spirit makes us perfect.

*Arise! Arise! fill up the ranks!
Respond to the clarion call!
His word proclaim, His might
unveil,
Hard hearts will melt,
strongholds fall!
Carry your cross, whate'er the
loss,
By heav'n's glory they are
small!*

2 Make us willing, faithful
servants,
O Lord our God, Yours to be;
Our sins subdue, our gifts
refine,
Make us useful and holy;
Through our High Priest we
bring our plea,

Cleanse and strengthen us
daily.

3 The Lord has all authority,
In heav'n above or on earth;
He subdues all opposition,
Bringing many sons to birth;
In triumph our King will come
to judge,
And turn dark days into mirth.

Bronson Paul, 1954-

178

Acts 1:8

88.88.88

God of all glory, full of grace,
Seeking to save our human
race:

Your way in Christ, unique
indeed;

Felt or unfelt, Your help we
need.

Mission of God, in Christ
brought near,

O that this world Your truth
would hear!

2 Spirit-anointed Jesus came
God's year of favour to
proclaim:

The true evangel for the poor,
Captives of darkness to
restore.

Mission of God, wondrously
great,

Your coming, Lord, we
celebrate!

3 Sender and Sent, our
Saviour Christ,

To serve You is most highly
prized.

Boldly we plead, and humbly
sing:

"Help us the living Word to
bring!"

Mission of God: our constant
aim,

Spirit of Christ, Your pow'r we
claim!

John Goris, 1937-

179

Ps 48

LM

Great is the Lord; O greatly
praise,

Proclaim His pow'r, His name
confess

Within the city of His grace,
Zion, the mount of holiness.

2 Zion – the home of
pard'ning love;

Joy of her sons in every land;
City of Christ, the

Saviour-King,
In the last day supreme to
stand.

3 Within her dwellings all are
blessed;

Here is God's living presence
known,

And hostile-pow'rs are moved
away,

Driven as ships by tempest
blown.

4 Wonders of truth and stores
of grace,
As we have heard, so have we
seen;
Here in the city of our God,
For ever safe, secure, serene!

Evangelical Psalter

180

Rm 10:15

SM

How beautiful their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their
tongues
And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice!
The tidings sweet and clear.
Zion, behold your Saviour
King,
He reigns and tri'umphs here!

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets
waited for,
And sought but never found!

4 How bless'ed are our eyes,
That see this heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings desired it
long
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their
voice,
And tuneful notes employ:
Jerusalem breaks forth in song
And deserts into joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His
arm
Through all the earth abroad;
And every nation shall behold
Our Saviour and our God.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

181

Rev 2:4

LM

How long have You
bestowed Your care
On our ungrateful, rebel land?
For of the nations far and near
Few know such blessings from
Your hand.

2 Here peace and liberty have
dwelt,
The glorious gospel brightly
shone;
And oft our enemies have felt
That God has made our cause
His own.

3 But heav'n and earth have
clearly heard
Our vile rejection of that love.
We, though like children
kindly reared,
Rebels against Your goodness
prove.

4 Your grace despised, Your
pow'r defied,
And legions of the foulest
crimes,
Profanest sins of lust and pride
All greatly mark the present
times.

5 Lord, hear Your people
everywhere,
Who meet to mourn, confess,
and pray:
The nation and Your churches
spare,
And let Your wrath be turned
away.

John Newton, 1725-1807

182

Rm 12:10

CM

How sweet, how heav'nly is
the sight
When those who love their
Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil His word!

2 When each can feel the
other's sigh,
And also bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye
to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

3 When, free from envy, scorn,
and pride,
Our wishes all above,

Each can the other's failings
hide,
And show a kindred love:

4 When love, in one delightful
stream,
Through every member flows,
And fellowship and kind
esteem
In every action shows.

5 Love is the bond divine that
binds
The happy souls above;
May we, as heirs of heaven,
find
Our hearts so filled with love.

Joseph Swain, 1761-96

183

Mt 9:37-38

SM

Lord of the harvest, hear
Your needy servants' cry;
Answer our faith's effectual
pray'r,
And all our wants supply.

2 On You we humbly wait;
Our wants are in Your view:
The harvest truly, Lord, is
great;
The labourers are few.

3 Convert, and send forth
more
Into Your church abroad;
And let them speak Your word
of pow'r,
As workers with their God.

4 Give the pure gospel word,
The word of glorious grace;
You let them preach, the only
Lord
And Saviour of our race.

5 O let them spread Your
name,
Their mission fully prove,
Your condescending grace
proclaim,
Your all-redeeming love!

Charles Wesley, 1707-88

184

Mt 9:37-38

11.10.11.10

Lord of the reapers, hear our
lowly pleading,
Yours are the fields that stand
all harvest-white,
Yours is the love that human
souls are needing,
Ere falls the dusk that deepens
into night.

2 Oft have we prayed, with
longing and beseeching,
Fruit for our toil and glory for
Your cross;
Yet slow the reaping, slow the
task of reaching
Far distant souls whose
distance is their loss.

3 Oft have we asked for some
rewarding token,
Only to know our toil was not
in vain,

And for a patient love to lead
the broken
Lives of the lost to an eternal
gain.

4 Soon o'er our harvest field
the twilight creeps in,
Low on its margin stands the
solemn sun;
Rising to You the reapers' pray,
appealing,
"Grant us full sheaves before
the day is done."

5 So when Your morning
floods the land with glory,
Good will it be to meet and
see You then!
Learn all the tri'umphs of Your
love's sweet story,
Lord of the reapers! Hope of
sinful men!

Frederic Goldsmith French,
1867-1947*

185

Mt 4:16

87.87.47

O'er the gloomy hills of
darkness
Look, my soul; be still, and
gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace;
Blessed jub'lee!
Let Your glorious morning
dawn.

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in
darkness,
Grant them, Lord, Your
glorious light;
And from eastern coast to
western
May the morning chase the
night,
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 May the glorious day
approaching,
End their night of sin and
shame;
And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad Your holy name
O'er the borders
Of the great Immanuel's land.

4 Fly abroad, you mighty
gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May your lasting, wide
dominion
Multiply and still increase;
Sway Your sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

William Williams, 1717-91

186

Ps 16

LM

Preserve me, Lord, in time of
need;
In You alone is all my trust;
No merits of my own I plead,
Only the righteousness of
Christ.

2 Oft have my heart and
tongue confessed
How empty and how poor I
am;
My praise can never make You
blest,
Nor add new glories to Your
name.

3 But from the saints on earth
I reap
Pleasures exceeding all below;
Such is the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends
I know.

4 Though once I chose the
sons of earth,
Pleasures of flesh and sense
were mine,
Now I love those of heav'nly
birth,
Whose thoughts and language
are divine.

5 My Lord remains before
mine eyes;
At my right hand He stands
prepared
To keep my soul from all
surprise,
My sure and everlasting
Guard.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

187

Ps 85:6

10.10.10.10

Revive Your work, as in the
days gone by,

Stir up our souls and in praise
draw us nigh;
Stretch forth Your arm and
draw us to Your fold:
Forgotten be our foolish days
of old.

2 Sweet is the favour that we
now receive,
Gentle the presence as we
thus believe:
Visit Your vineyard, grace to
us incline,
And let our praises be Your
sweetest vine.

3 Humble our hearts, and lift
us to Your throne,
Cause us to cry and call on
You alone.
Almighty Saviour, Lord,
Redeemer, Friend;
You are our sov'reign God and
glorious end.

4 Blessed the people that upon
You call,
Endless the blessing that our
hearts enthrall:
Glory to God His majesty be
praised,
Incense of worship, evermore
be raised.

William Vernon Higham, 1926-2016

188

Mt 28:19

664.6664

Sound, sound the truth
abroad,

Bear now the word of God
Through the wide world;
Tell what our Lord has done;
Tell how the day is won,
And from His lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

2 Speed on the wings of love!
Jesus, who reigns above,
Bids us to fly:
They who His message bear,
Should neither doubt nor fear,
He will their Friend appear,
He will be nigh.

3 When on the mighty deep,
He will their spirits keep
Stayed on His word;
When in a distant land,
No other friend at hand,
Jesus will by them stand—
Jesus, their Lord.

4 They who, forsaking all,
At their dear Master's call,
Comforts resign,
Soon will their work be done,
Soon will the prize be won,
Brighter than yonder sun,
Then shall they shine.

Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855

189

1 Cor 3:11

76.76.76.76

The church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ, her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word;
From heav'n He came and
sought her

To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He
bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful
wonder
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed;
Yet saints their watch are
keeping.
Their cry goes up, How long?
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great church
victorious
Shall be the church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth has union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won;
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,

Like them, the meek and
lowly,
On high with You may be.

Samuel John Stone, 1839-1900*

190

2 Tim 2:21

65.65.D. +

There's a work for Jesus
Ready at your hand,
'Tis a task the Master
Just for you has planned.
Haste to do His bidding,
Yield Him service true;
There's a work for Jesus
None but you can do.

*Work for Jesus, day by day,
Serve Him ever, falter never,
Christ obey.
Yield Him service loyal, true;
There's a work for Jesus none
but you can do.*

2 There's a work for Jesus,
Humble though it be,
'Tis the very service
He would have you see.
Go where fields are whitened
And the lab'ers few;
There's a work for Jesus
None but you can do.

3 There's a work for Jesus
Precious souls to bring,
Tell them of His mercies,
Tell them of your King.
Faint not, grow not weary,
He will strength renew;

There's a work for Jesus
None but you can do.

Elsie D Yale, 1873-1956*

191

Isa 52:10

73.73.7773

We have heard the joyful
sound:

Jesus saves!

Spread the gladness all
around:

Jesus saves!

Bear the news to every land,
Climb the steeps and cross the
waves,

Onward, 'tis our Lord's
command:

Jesus saves!

2 Waft it on the rolling tide:

Jesus saves!

Tell to sinners far and wide:

Jesus saves!

Sing, you islands of the sea,
Echo back, you ocean caves,
Earth shall keep her jubilee:

Jesus saves!

3 Sing above the battle's strife:

Jesus saves!

By His death and endless life:

Jesus saves!

Sing it softly through the
gloom,

When the heart for mercy
craves,

Sing in tri'umph o'er the tomb:

Jesus saves!

4 Give the winds a mighty
voice:

Jesus saves!

Let the nations now rejoice:

Jesus saves!

Shout salvation full and free,
Highest hills and deepest
caves,

This our song of victory:

Jesus saves!

Priscilla J Owens, 1829-1907

192

Eph 5:25

SM

We love Your kingdom,
Lord,

The house of Your abode,
The church our blest

Redeemer saved

With His own precious blood.

2 We love Your church, O God;

Her walls before You stand;

Dear as the apple of Your eye,
And graven on Your hand.

3 Beyond our highest joy,

We prize her heav'nly ways;

Her fellowship and solemn
vows,

Her hymns of love and praise.

4 Jesus, our Friend divine,

Our Saviour and our King,

Your hand from every snare
and foe

Shall great deliv'rance bring.

5 Sure as Your truth shall last,
To Zion shall be giv'n
The highest glories earth can
yield,
And brighter bliss of heav'n.

Timothy Dwight, 1752-1817

193

Heb 4:9

11.11.11.11.+

We thank You, O Lord, for a
Sabbath of rest;
A day of all others the
brightest and best;
A day that observed and
respected should be,
"Twas made for Your worship,
to be kept holy.

*Remember the Sabbath,
throughout our broad land;
Remember the Sabbath, 'tis
God's own command:
Transmitted from Sinai, in
language divine;
"Six days you shall labour, the
Sabbath is mine."*

2 Our fathers rejoiced in Your
Sabbath, O Lord;
They walked in Your counsels,
believed in Your word;
They clung to the Bible, their
staff and their guide,
And trusting Your promise, in
tri'umph they died.

3 We thank You, O Lord, for a
Sabbath of rest;

A day that so richly Your holy
presence blessed;
A day when our vigour and
strength we renew,
While onward and upward,
our path we pursue.

4 And when the last Sabbath
shall fade from our sight;
Prepare us to enter the
mansions of light;
And there, with the just and
the faithful to spend
A Sabbath in glory, that never
shall end.

Fanny Crosby, 1823-1915*

194

Ps 133

66.66.88

When all are sweetly joined,
True foll'wers of the Lamb,
All one in heart and mind,
Who think and speak the
same:
When such in love together
dwell
The comfort is unspeakable.

2 Where fellowship takes
place,
The joys of heav'n we prove;
This is that gospel grace,
The unction from above:
The Spirit on believers shed,
Descending down from Christ
our Head.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
For us the gift received,
For us, and all the rest

Who have in Him believed:
Forth from our Head the
blessing goes
And over true disciples flows.

4 E'en now our Lord does pour
This bounty from above,
A kindly, gracious show'r
Of heart-reviving love;
The former and the latter rain,
The love of God and love of
man!

Charles Wesley, 1707-88

195

Ex 32:26

65.65.65.D

Who is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's
side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for Him will go?
By Your call of mercy,
By Your grace alone,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, You we own.

2 Jesus, You have bought us
Not with gold or gem,
But with Your own life-blood,

For Your diadem.
With Your blessing filling
Each who comes to You,
You have made us willing,
You have made us new.
By Your grand redemption,
By Your grace alone,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, You we own.

3 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow:
Round His standard ranging,
Vict'ry is secure;
For His Truth unchanging
Makes the tri'umph sure.
Joyfully enlisting,
By Your grace alone,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, You we own.

4 Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
Chosen, called, and faithful,
For our Captain's band;
In the service royal
Let us not grow cold,
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
Master, You will keep us,
By Your grace alone,
Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour, You we own.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836-79*

4.4 Guidance; Judgement; Heaven

196

1 Pet 5:7

88.88.D

A sov'reign protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand,
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and
command.

He smiles, and my comforts
abound;

His grace as the dew shall
descend,

And walls of salvation
surround

The soul He delights to
defend.

2 Kind Author and ground of
my hope,

Yes, You for my God I avow;

My glad Ebenezer* set up,
And confess You've helped me
till now.

I muse on the years that are
past,

In which my defence You have
proved;

Nor will You relinquish at last
A sinner so faithfully loved.

3 Inspirer and Hearer of pray'r,
The Shepherd and Guardian
of souls,

My all to Your covenant care
I sleeping and waking repose.

If You are my Shield and my
Sun,

The night is no darkness to
me;
And, fast as my moments roll
on,
To none but You, Lord, they
bring me.

* Stone of help, 1 Sam 7:12
Augustus Montague Toplady,
1740-78*

197

Ps 73:25

LM

Descend from heav'n,
immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on
Your wings,
And mount and bear us far
above
The reach of these inferior
things.

2 Up far beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never
die,
And fruits immortal feast the
soul!

3 O for a sight, a moving sight,
Of our Almighty Father's
throne;
Where sits our Saviour
crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our
own.

4 Adoring saints around Him
stand,
And thrones and pow'rs before
Him fall;
The God shines glorious
through the Man,
And sheds His glory on them
all.

5 When shall the day, dear
Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell
above,
And stand amazed among
them there,
And view Your face, and sing
Your love?

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

198

Ps 78:53

87.87.47

Guide me, Lord, our great
Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren
land;
I am weak, but You are
mighty;
Hold me with Your pow'rful
hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me now and evermore.

2 Open, Lord, the crystal
fountain,
For the healing stream to flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me on where'er I go;
Strong Deliv'rer,

None but You my strength and
shield.

3 When I tread the verge of
Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's
destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's
side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to You.

William Williams, 1717-91

199

Rev 21:2

76.76.D

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath your contemplation
Sink heart and voice
oppressed!
I know not, O, I know not,
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of
Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many 'n
angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever with them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that
triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they who, with their
Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who are, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Morlaix (Cluny), 12th
century
cento from John Mason Neale,
1818-66

200

Ps 120

77.77

Jesus! how my heart is
pained,
How it mourns for souls
deceived,
When I hear your name
profaned,
When I see Your Spirit
grieved!

2 Mourning thus I long had
been,
When I heard my Saviour's
voice,

"You have cause to mourn for
sin,
But in Me you must rejoice!"

3 This kind word dispelled my
grief,
Put to silence my complaints,
Though of sinners I am chief,
He has ranked me with His
saints.

4 Though constrained to dwell
awhile
Where the wicked strive and
brawl;
Let them rage, but He will
smile,
Heav'n will make amends for
all.

5 Let us, then, the fight
endure,
See our Saviour looking down,
He will make the conquest
sure,
And bestow the promised
crown.

John Newton, 1725-1807

201

Gal 6:14

76.76. + trochaic

Jesus, keep me near the
cross;
There a precious fountain,
Free to all a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's
mountain.

*In the cross, in the cross,
Be my glory ever;
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.*

2 Near the cross, a trembling
soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the Bright and Morning
Star
Shed its beams around me.

3 Near the cross! O Lamb of
God
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day
With its shadow o'er me.

4. Near the cross I'll watch
and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand
Just beyond the river.

Fanny J Crosby, 1823-1915

202

Ps 90

77.77.D

Lord of the world we live in,
To You we owe our being;
Before the mountains have
been,
You are God everlasting.

2 Life is so frail and fleeting,
No sooner born are we gone;
Weary everywhere searching,
We find rest in You alone.

3 We were in Adam guilty,
Our sins are before Your eye;
Death is our just penalty,
We end our years like a sigh!

4 You show Your pow'r and
anger,
In our weary years of pain;
Teach us our days to number,
A heart of wisdom to gain.

5 O Lord, You can satisfy,
Your servants in their tri'als;
On You only we rely,
To make us glad and rejoice.

6 Let Your presence and glory,
Be with us and our children;
Let Your work be our story,
Repeated e'er so often!

Bronson Paul, 1954-

203

Hab 2:3

87.87

Lord, we know that You are
near us,
Though You seem to hide Your
face;
And are sure that You do hear
us,
Though no answer we
embrace.

2 Not one promise shall
miscarry;
Not one blessing come too
late;
Though the vision long may
tarry,

Give us patience, Lord, to
wait!

3 While withholding, You are
giving
In Your own appointed way;
And while waiting we're
receiving
Blessings suited to our day.

4 O the wondrous
loving-kindness,
Planning, working out of
sight!
Bearing with us in our
blindness!
Out of darkness bringing light.

5 Weaving blessings out of
tri'als;
Out of grief evolving bliss:
Answ'ring pray'r by wise
denials
When Your children ask amiss!

6 And when faith shall end in
vision,
And when pray'r is lost in
praise;
Then shall love, in full
fruition,
Justify Your secret ways.

Jane Crewdson, 1809-63

204

Ps 12

CM

Lord, when iniquities
abound,
And blasphemy grows bold;

When faith is hardly to be
found
And love is waxing cold.

2 When scorers stand on
every side,
And sons of God seem few;
When men, in vanity and
pride,
Have but themselves in view.

3 Is not Your coming hast'ning
on?
Have You not giv'n this sign?
May we not trust and lean
upon
A promise so divine?

4 When man is 'god', then You
will rise
And make oppressors flee;
In pow'r appear, to their
surprise,
And set Your servants free.

5 Your word, like silver, fully
tried,
Through ages shall endure;
And all who in its truth
confide,
Shall find Your promise sure.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

205

2 Cor 7:5

87.87.87

My God, how yearn I now
for You,
In this world of toil and tears;

Straining to keep the crown in
view,
Conflicts without, within
fears;
Waiting for all to be made
new,
When dawn the unending
years.

2 Your way to me, O God,
make clear,
In this world of sin and curse;
As a pilgrim and a stranger,
Its wares and cares dare I
nurse?
O, let my heart these words
utter,
"Even so, come, Lord Jesus!"

3 While Your light does in this
world shine,
Help me Your word to
proclaim;
Before night comes my gifts
refine,
By Your pow'r my nature
tame;
Into Your hands I now resign,
Help me honour, Lord, Your
name.

4 By grace through faith in
Christ alone,
A worm is spared ruin untold;
No more will sin be cause to
mourn,
In that city paved in gold;
"Tis grace! 'Tis grace!" will I
intone,
When gathered safe in the
fold.

Bronson Paul, 1954-

206

Ps 57

LM

My God, in whom are all the
springs
Of boundless love and grace
unknown,
Hide me beneath Your
spreading wings,
Till these calamities are gone.

2 Up to the heav'ns I send my
cry;
The Lord will my desires
perform;
He sends His mercy from the
sky,
And saves me from the
threat'ning storm.

3 Be You exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns, where
angels dwell;
Your pow'r on earth be known
abroad,
And land to land Your
wonders tell.

4 My heart is fixed, my song
shall raise
Immortal honours to Your
name;
Awake, my tongue, send forth
my praise,
With all the fervour of my
frame.

5 High o'er the earth His
mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;

His truth to endless years
remains,
When lower worlds dissolve
and die.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

207

Gal 4:5

88.88.88

O come, O come, Immanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile
here
Until the Son of God appear.

*Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to you, O Israel.*

2 O come, O come, You Lord
of might,
Who to Your tribes on Sinai's
height
In ancient times did give the
law
In cloud and majesty and awe.

3 O come, You Rod of Jesse,
free
Your own from Satan's
tyranny;
From depths of hell Your
people save,
And give them vict'ry o'er the
grave.

4 O come, You Dayspring,
come and cheer
Our spirits by Your advent
here;

Disperse the gloomy clouds of
night,
And death's dark shadows put
to flight.

5 O come, You Key of David,
come
And open wide our heav'nly
home;
Make safe the way that leads
on high,
And close the path to misery.

Antiphons in Latin Breviary, 12th
century
tr by John Mason Neale, 1818-66

208

Ex 40:34-35

DCM

O hear the cry of saints
below,
Although we are but few,
We long to see Your mercy
flow,
And know Your grace is true.
Almighty God, Redeemer
King,
Reveal Your saving arm;
Display Your majesty, and
bring
A myriad souls from harm.

2 O grant our hungry souls a
sight
Of glorious sov'reign grace;
Yet clouds of mercy veil the
light
Of Jesus's smiling face.

O let Your glory dress this
tent,
Our hearts with rapture fill
With certain hope, when You
are bent
Our longing hearts to thrill.

3 O leave us not in deep
despair
With dreaded word of loss;
Your glory gone, and none to
bear
The tidings of Your cross.
Revive Your work, grant Your
embrace
To us by day and night,
A shaft of fire, a cloud of
grace:
Display Your word in might.

William Vernon Higham, 1926-2016

209

Ps 119:37-40 88.88

Oh, turn my eyes from
fleeting things
To focus on the things that
last,
And while my soul within me
sings
Or while it hurts, Lord, hold
me fast!

2 Grant me a grounding in
Your law,
A fervent longing to obey;
In love that's mixed with holy
awe,

To live the Christ-like life each
day.

3 So may the glory of the Lord
Shine forth in all I say and do.
Teach me to use the Spirit's
sword
To grow in grace and
knowledge too.

John Goris, 1937-

210

1 Tim 1:15 11.10.11.10.+

One day when heaven was
filled with His praises,
One day when sin was as dark
as could be,
Jesus came forth to be born of
a virgin,
Dwelt amongst men, my
example is He!

*Living, He loved me; dying, He
saved me,
Buried, He carried my sins far
away;
Rising, He justified freely for
ever:
One day He's coming – O
glorious day!*

2 One day they led Him up
Calvary's mountain,
One day they nailed Him to
die on the tree;
Suffering anguish, despised
and rejected:

Bearing our sins, my
Redeemer is He!

3 One day they left Him alone
in the garden,
One day He rested, from
suffering free;
Angels came down o'er His
tomb to keep vigil;
Hope of the hopeless, my
Saviour is He!

4 One day the grave could
conceal Him no longer,
One day the stone rolled away
from the door;
He had arisen, o'er death He
had conquered;
Now is ascended, my Lord
evermore!

5 One day the trumpet will
sound for His coming,
One day the skies with His
glory will shine;
Wonderful day, His beloved
ones bringing;
Glorious Saviour, this Jesus is
mine!

J Wilbur Chapman, 1859-1918

211

Rm 8:21

77.77.D

See the ransomed millions
stand,
Palms of conquest in their
hand;

This before the throne their
strain,
"Hell is vanquished, death is
slain;
Blessing, honour, glory, might,
Are the Conq'ror's native right;
Thrones and pow'rs before
Him fall;
Lamb of God, and Lord of all!"

2 Hasten, Lord, the promised
hour;
Come in glory and in pow'r;
Still Your foes are unsubdued;
Nature sighs to be renewed.
Time has nearly reached its
sum,
All things with Your bride say,
"Come";
Jesus, whom all worlds adore,
Come, and reign for evermore.

Josiah Conder, 1789-1855

212

Ps 27:11

64.64.66.64

Teach me Your way, O Lord,
Teach me Your way!
Your gracious aid afford,
Teach me Your way!
Help me to walk aright,
More by faith, less by sight;
Lead me with heav'nly light:
Teach me Your way!

2 When doubts and fears
arise,
Teach me Your way!

When storms o'erspread the
skies,
Teach me Your way!
Shine through the cloud and
rain,
Through sorrow, toil, and
pain;
Make, Lord, my pathway
plain:
Teach me Your way!

3 Long as my life shall last,
Teach me Your way!
Where'er my lot be cast,
Teach me Your way!
Until the race is run,
Until the journey's done,
Until the crown is won,
Teach me Your way!

B. Mansell Ramsey, 1849-1923

213

Ps 27

LM

The Lord my Saviour is my
light,
What pow'r against my soul
shall fight?
While God, my strength, to me
is near,
What foe can harm, whom
shall I fear?

2 The greatest joy my heart
desires,
And for which all my soul
aspires,
Is in God's house to spend my
days,
My life devoted to His praise.

3 This do I seek with ceaseless
care,
And God attends my earnest
prayer;
Here may my soul His
beauties trace,
And know the wonders of His
grace.

4 When troubles rise, my
guardian God
Will hide me safe in His
abode!
Firm as a rock my hope shall
stand,
Sustained by His almighty
hand.

5 Should every earthly friend
depart,
Or should I lose my parents'
heart,
Then God on whom my hopes
depend,
Will still be Father, Guide and
Friend.

Anne Steele, 1717-78

214

Rev 6:15-16

LM

The Lord shall come! the
earth shall quake;
The mountains to their centre
shake;
And, with'ring from the vault
of night,
The stars shall pale their
feeble light.

2 The Lord shall come! but
not the same
As once in lowliness He came;
A silent lamb before His foes,
A weary Man, and full of
woes.

3 The Lord shall come! in
glorious form,
With rainbow wreath and
robes of storm;
On cherub wings, and wings
of wind,
Appointed Judge of all
mankind.

4 Can this be He who bore His
load,
A pilgrim on life's dusty road;
Oppressed by pow'r, and
mocked by pride,
The Nazarene – the Crucified?

5 While sinners in despair
shall call,
"Rocks, hide us; mountains, on
us fall!"
The saints, ascending from the
tomb,
Shall joyful sing, "The Lord
has come!"

Reginald Heber, 1783-1826
Thomas Cotterill, 1779-1823

215

Ps 50

CM

The mighty God, the Lord,
has called,
To all our human race,

Proclaiming through His
church below
The riches of His grace.

2 Our God shall come with
purging fire
To vindicate His name,
And all who feign their love
for Him,
He'll send away in shame.

3 How could my soul claim
love for Him,
And yet resist His word?
Or by unworthy deeds and
lusts
Deny a heav'nly Lord?

4 O great, all-seeing God on
high,
Increase my humble awe,
That I shall fear to slight Your
pow'r,
Or trifle with You more.

5 I'll honour now my vows to
You,
And seek my Saviour's face,
Live to His glory and obey,
And bring You worthy praise.

Evangelical Psalter

216

Isa 8:8

76.76.76.75

The sands of time are
sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks;

The summer morn I've sighed
for,
The fair, sweet morn, awakes:
Dark, dark has been the
midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwells there
In Immanuel's land.

2 O Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love;
The streams on earth I've
tasted,
More deep I'll drink above:
There, to an ocean fulness,
His mercy does expand,
And glory, glory dwells there
In Immanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with
judgement,
My web of time He wove;
And e'en the dews of sorrow
Were lusted with His love;
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that
planned,
When throned where glory
dwells there
In Immanuel's land.

4 The bride eyes not her
garment,
But her dear bridegroom's
face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace,
I rest upon His merit,
I know no other stand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

5 I've wrestled on towards
heav'n,
'Gainst storm and wind and
tide;
Now, like a weary trav'ller
Who leans upon his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's ling'ring
sand,
I'll hail the glory dawning
From Immanuel's land.

Anne Ross Cousin, 1824-1906*

217

Rev 21:2

CM

There is a home with God
above,
A place of peace and joy;
A sweet inheritance of love
Which nothing can destroy.

2 At last my soul shall enter in
And join the happy throng;
"A ransom paid for all my sin"
Shall be my joy and song.

3 Such sacrifice of costly
grace;
The Saviour died for me:
Enabled me to see His face,
To live eternally.

4 Surrounded by such
loveliness,
My heart has lost all fear;
I see the Father's tenderness
Who wipes away each tear.

5 Time and decay shall reign
no more,
For death has lost its sting.
The Victor rules forevermore,
My Lord and glorious King.

6 The wonder of God's grace
untold,
The myst'ries of His will,
He tenderly will now unfold,
And show His sov'reign skill.

7 The freedom of His presence
gives
Each precious soul delight,
And happy is the soul that
lives
To see this vision bright.

William Vernon Higham, 1926-2016

218

Isa 33:17

CM

There is a land of pure
delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the
night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring
abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs:
Death, like a narrow sea,
divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the
swelling flood

Stand dressed in living green;
As once to Israel Canaan
stood,
While Jordan flowed between.

4 But trembling mortals fear
and shrink
To cross the narrow sea;
They linger, shiv'ring on the
brink,
Afraid to launch away.

5 If we could all our doubts
remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we
love
With clear unclouded eyes!

6 If we could climb where
Moses stood,
And view what lies before,
Not Jordan's stream, nor
death's cold flood,
Would keep us from the shore!

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

219

Ps 21

LM

When pain and weakness
bowed His head,
Our loving Saviour, glorious
King,
Numbered Himself among the
dead,
Taking the weight of all our
sin.

2 Jesus was giv'n His heart's
desires,
To bring salvation-blessings
down;
Now raised above, all heav'n
admires
His well-deserved eternal
crown.

3 A life of everlasting years,
Through which His saving
glories shine,
Repays Him for His groans
and tears,
And fills His soul with joy
divine.

4 O coming Judge and
sov'reign Lord,
No foe shall stand, no hate
endure,
No sin shall spoil the coming
world
When purging fire has made it
pure.

5 All human schemes to end
Your cause,
Undo Your word, eclipse Your
name,
Usurp Your throne and spurn
your laws,
Must fall to that devouring
flame!

6 Be You exalted, King of
kings,
In Your own strength to reign
on high!
While every saint rejoicing
sings,

And longs to share the
tri'umph nigh.

Evangelical Psalter

220

Lk 16:5

77.77.77

When this passing world is
done,
When has sunk the radiant
sun,
When I stand with Christ on
high,
Looking o'er life's history,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

2 When I stand before the
throne,
Dressed in beauty not my
own;
When I see You as You are,
Love You with unsinning
heart;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

3 When the praise of heav'n I
hear,
Loud as thunder to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious
voice;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

4 Chosen not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to
flee;
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified;

4. Response to God's Word

Teach me, Lord, on earth to
show,

By my love, how much I owe.
Robert Murray M'Cheyne, 1813-43

4.5 Afflictions; Conflicts; Trials

221

Ps 46:1

87.87.66.667

A mighty fortress is our God,
A stronghold never failing;
Our helper He amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing;
For still our ancient foe
Does seek to work us woe;
His craft and pow'r are great,
And armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

2 Had we in our own strength
trusted,
Our striving would be losing;
Had not the right Man us
sided,
The Man of God's own
choosing.
You ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He.
The Lord of Hosts – His name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with
devils filled,
Should threaten to o'erpow'r
us,
We will not fear, for God has
willed
His Truth shall tri'umph
through us.
The prince of darkness grim,
We tremble not at him!
His rage we can endure,
For soon his doom is sure:

One word from God shall fell
him.

4 God's plan, above all earthly
pow'rs
Will unfold for good to us;
The Spirit and His gifts are
ours
Through Christ, who will
empow'r us.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill:
God's word remains true still,
His kingdom stands for ever!

Martin Luther, 1483-1546
tr Frederick Hedge, 1805-90*

222

Mt 26:41

777.3

Christian! seek not yet
repose,
Cast your dreams of ease
away,
You are in the midst of foes:
Watch and pray.

2 Principalities and pow'rs,
Must'ring their unseen array,
Wait for your unguarded
hours:
Watch and pray.

3 Gird your heav'nly armour
on,

Wear it ever night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one:
Watch and pray.

4 Hear the victors who
o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's
way;
All with one sweet voice
exclaim,
"Watch and pray."

5 Hear, above all, hear the
Lord,
Him you always must obey;
Hide within your heart His
word,
"Watch and pray."

6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent
down;
Watch and pray.

Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871*

223

Heb 12:1

10.10.10.4

For all the saints who from
their labours rest,
Who You by faith before the
world confessed,
Your name, O Jesus, be for
ever blest.
Hallelujah!

2 You were their Rock, their
Fortress and their Might;
You, Lord, their Captain, in
the well-fought fight;
You, in the darkness drear,
their one true Light.
Hallelujah!

3 O may Your soldiers,
faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the saints, who nobly
fought of old,
And win, with them, the
victor's crown of gold.
Hallelujah!

4 The golden evening
brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors
will come rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise
the blest.
Hallelujah!

5 But lo! there breaks a yet
more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in
bright array;
The King of glory passes on
His way.
Hallelujah!

6 The countless host streams
in from far and near,
Through gates of pearl, they
sing that all may hear,
To God Triune, who holds His
children dear.
Hallelujah!

William W How, 1823-97*

224

2 Tim 2:1

65.65.66.65

He who would valiant be
 'Gainst all disaster,
 Let him in constancy,
 Follow the Master.
 There's no discouragement
 Shall make him once relent
 His first avowed intent
 To be a pilgrim.

2 Who so beset him round
 With dismal stories,
 Do but themselves confound;
 His strength the more is.
 No foes shall stay his might,
 Though he with giants fight:
 He will make good his right
 To be a pilgrim.

3 Since, Lord, You do defend
 Us with Your Spirit,
 We know we at the end
 Shall life inherit.
 Then fancies flee away!
 I'll fear not what men say,
 I'll labour night and day
 To be a pilgrim.

John Bunyan, 1628-88
 alt Percy Dearmer, 1867-1936

225

Ps 107:7

LM +

He's leading me, O bless'ed
 thought!

O words with heav'nly
 comfort fraught!
 Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
 Still my God's hand is leading
 me.

*He's leading me, He's leading
 me,
 By His own hand He's leading
 me;
 His faithful foll'wer I would be,
 For by His hand He's leading
 me.*

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of
 deepest gloom,
 Sometimes where Eden's
 blessings bloom,
 By waters calm, o'er troubled
 sea,
 Still my God's hand is leading
 me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Your
 hand in mine,
 Nor ever murmur nor repine;
 Content, whatever lot I see,
 Since 'tis my God who's
 leading me.

4 And when my task on earth
 is done,
 When by Your grace the
 vict'ry's won;
 E'en death's cold waves I
 would not flee,
 Since through Jordan You're
 leading me.

Joseph H Gilmore, 1834-1918*

226

Heb 11:14-16

77.77

Heav'nly Father! to whose
eye
Future things unfolded lie;
Through the desert where I
stray,
Let Your counsels guide my
way.

2 Lead me not, for flesh is
frail,
Where the fiercest trials assail;
Leave me not, in darkened
hour,
To withstand the tempter's
pow'r.

3 Lord, uphold me day by day;
Shed a light upon my way;
Guide me through perplexing
snares;
Care for me in all my cares.

4 Should Your wisdom, Lord,
decree
Tri'als long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame,
Father, glorify Your name.

5 Let me neither faint nor fear,
Knowing still that You are
near;
In the course my Saviour trod,
Trav'ling home to You, my
God!

Josiah Conder, 1789-1855

227

Ps 60

CM

In times of weakness and of
blight,
O turn to us again;
Renew our blessedness and
light,
And purge away our sin.

2 When punished sore and put
to shame
Beneath Your chast'ning rod,
We grieve for slighting Your
great name
And failing such a God.

3 Bind up our wounds and
show Your face;
Restore our service, Lord.
Help us again display Your
grace,
The banner of Your word.

4 Let all the regions of our
land
Submit to Jesus's reign,
That multitudes may take
their stand
Within Your house again.

5 We'll Satan's strongholds
storm and take,
Our Saviour to make known;
And by Your pow'r shall souls
awake,
And fall before Your throne.

Evangelical Psalter

228

Ps 88

76.76.D

Lord God of my salvation,
To You alone I cry;
O let my supplications
Be heard by You on high;
For troubles gather round me,
And life draws near the grave;
O come in love and mercy,
Descend, my soul to save.

2 Your anger lies upon me,
Your billows o'er me roll,
My friends all seem to shun
me,
And foes beset my soul,
Wherever on earth I turn,
No comforter is near;
Will You, Lord, also me spurn?
Will You refuse to hear?

3 Though banished, Lord, and
broken
My soul to You will cling;
The promise You have spoken
Will consolation bring.
These present ills and terrors
Shall future joy increase,
And scourge me from my
errors,
To duty, hope, and peace.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847*

229

1 Sam 3:9-10

87.87.77

Master, speak! for Your
servant hears,

Waiting for Your gracious
word,
Longing, Lord, for Your voice
that cheers,
Master, let it now be heard.
I am list'ning, Lord, closely;
What have You to say to me?

2 Speak to me by name, O
Master,
Let me know it is to me;
Speak, that I may follow
faster,
With a step more firm and
free,
Where the Shepherd leads the
flock,
In the shadow of the rock!

3 Master, speak! though least
and lowest,
Let me not unheard depart;
Master, speak! for O, You
know best
All the yearning of my heart;
You know all its truest need:
Speak, and make me blest
indeed.

4 Master, speak! and make me
ready,
When Your voice is truly
heard,
With obedience glad and
steady,
Still to follow every word.
I am listening, Lord, closely;
Master, speak, O, speak to me!

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836-79

230

Lk 22:42

888.6

My God and Father, while I
stray
Far from my home in life's
rough way,
O, teach me from my heart to
say,
"Your sov'reign will be done."

2 If You should want me to let
go
What most I prize, let me do
so,
Knowing all blessings from
You flow;
"Your sov'reign will be done."

3 Now let my fainting heart be
blest
With Your sweet Spirit for its
guest,
My God, to You I leave the
rest:
"Your sov'reign will be done."

4 Renew my will from day to
day;
Blend it with Yours, and take
away
All that now makes it hard to
say,
"Your sov'reign will be done."

5 Then, when on earth I
breathe no more
The pray'r oft mixed with
tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Your sov'reign will be done."

Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871*

231

Rm 8:18-39

10.866.11.D. +

My God is good, He gave me
life in Christ,
This rich and bless'ed life in
Christ;
Though at this present time,
Suff'rings and trials are mine,
They are as nothing compared
to what will be.

2 So come with me and live
this life in Christ,
And live this bless'ed life in
Christ;
Let men their charges bring,
And woes of all kinds spring,
We know God is for us, who
can be 'gainst us?

*The Lord is my helper,
I will not fear,
He'll leave not nor forsake His
own;
The Lord is King,
With Him I'll reign!*

3 By His Spirit, God gave this
hope to me,
This sure and precious hope to
me;
And when this world is done,
When heav'n and earth are
one,
I will hear the song of those
from sin set free.

4 So take my hand and share
this hope with me,

And share this precious hope
with me;
Though trials from Satan
flood,
And foes may spill our blood,
Yet in all these things we are
more than conqu'rors.

Refrain

Bronson Paul, 1954-

232

Heb 12:11

87.87

Now, the sowing and the
weeping,
Working hard, and waiting
long;
Afterward, the golden reaping,
Harvest-home and grateful
song.

2 Now, the pruning, sharp,
unsparing,
Scattered blossom, bleeding
shoot:
Afterward, the plenteous
bearing
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

3 Now, the long and toilsome
duty,
Stone by stone to carve and
bring;
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

4 Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, and painful
strife;
Afterward, the triumph given,

And the victor's crown of life.

5 Now, the training, hard and
lowly,
Weariness felt, respite none;
Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's voice, "Well
done!"

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836-79

233

Ps 55

CM

O God, my refuge, hear my
cries;
Behold my trials and tears,
For earth and hell my hurt
devise,
And tri'umph in my fears.

2 I long for freedom as a dove,
For liberty and wings
To fly away and soar above
These present, painful things.

3 O let me to some refuge go,
And find a peaceful home,
Where storms of malice never
blow,
And tri'als never come.

4 Vain hope and false
aspirings all!
To thwart the devil's arm,
The mighty God on whom I
call,
Will save me where I am.

5 He shall preserve my soul
from fear,

And shield me when afraid;
Ten thousand angels must
appear,
If He command their aid.

6 I'll cast my burdens on the
Lord,
The Lord sustains them all;
My faith shall rest upon His
word
That saints shall never fall.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

234

Ps 62 11.10.11.10.11.10.11.12

O my soul, wait upon the
Lord silently,
Only He is your rock and
salvation;
Your Protector, your defender
trustworthy,
In Him alone is found
preservation.

2 Wounded by friends
so-called I learnt painfully;
It's a mistake to trust in sinful
man!
So good they are at plotting,
scheming daily,
The fall of those not aware of
their lying plan.

3 When all seems lost and
despair clouds my vision,
When strength is gone and
hope is no more found;
I turn to God, the rock of my
salvation,

Refuge of all who heed the
gospel sound.

4 Do not trust in riches nor in
strength glory,
When all is well and you are
at your best;
Not on frail men rely or you'll
be sorry,
O weary soul, turn to the risen
Christ for rest!

5 Many are the trials and
pains of the faithful,
Who oft bear the world's
reproach in silence;
Those who oppress and rob
appear to be full,
As they in vain show good for
a pretence.

6 In God alone is found mercy
and safety,
He will display His pow'r and
lay hearts bare,
Trust in the Lord, O my soul,
for He surely
Will return and take the saints
to that land most fair.

Bronson Paul, 1954-

235

John 19:5

76.76.D

O sacred Head once
wounded,
With grief and shame weighed
down,
How scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Your only crown!

How pale are You with
anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as
morn!

2 O Lord of life and glory,
What bliss was Yours divine!
I read the wondrous story,
And gladly call You mine.
Your grief and Your
compassion
Were all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the
transgression,
But Yours the deadly pain.

3 What language shall I
borrow
To praise You, heav'nly Friend,
For this Your dying sorrow,
Your pity without end!
Lord, make me Yours for ever,
Nor let me faithless prove;
O let me never, never
Abuse such dying love!

4 Be near me when I'm dying,
O, show Yourself to me;
And, to my help come flying,
O Lord, to set me free!
These eyes, new faith
receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing
Dies safely through Your love.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091-1153
tr Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76
and J W Alexander, 1804-59*

236

Mt 16:18

65.65.D. +

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
Looking unto Jesus,
Who is gone before:
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go.

*Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
Looking unto Jesus,
Who is gone before.*

2 At the name of Jesus,
Satan's host does flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

3 Crowns and thrones may
perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise
And that cannot fail.

4 Onward, then, you people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the tri'umph-song;
Glory, praise and honour

Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

Sabine Baring-Gould, 1834-1924

237

Phil 4:4-9

99.99.10.10

Rejoice, rejoice in the Lord
always,
Let your gentleness be known
to all,
Rejoice, rejoice in the Lord, I
say;
The Lord is at hand, to hear
your call;

*"Peace I leave with you, My
peace I give t' you;
Not as the world gives do I give
to you."*

2 Be anxious for nothing but
to pray,
Supplication make with
thanksgiving;
Hearts and minds He'll guard
without delay
Peace He'll give beyond
understanding;

3 On things true, noble, just –
meditate,
And things pure, lovely, of
good report;
To spurn virtue always
hesitate,
While things praiseworthy
reject you not.

4 Let peace your hearts and
minds always guard,
Through Christ Jesus who
gives this promise,
To bless all those who find it
not hard,
To heed His word, yea,
without remiss.

Bronson Paul, 1954-

238

1 Cor 16:13

76.76.D

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
You soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! Stand up for
Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day:
You who are His, now serve
Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength
oppose.

3 Stand up! stand up for
Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
You dare not trust your own:

Put on the gospel armour,
Each piece put on with pray'r;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up! stand up for
Jesus!
Each soldier to his post;
Close up the broken column,
Encourage all the host,
Make good the loss so heavy
In those who still remain;
And prove to all around you
That death itself is gain.

5 Stand up! stand up for
Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him who overcomes will
A crown of life giv'n be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

George Duffield, 1818-88*

239

Gen 22:14

55.55.65.65

Though troubles assail
And dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail
And foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide:
The Scripture assures us,
"The Lord will provide."

2 The birds, without barn
Or storehouse, are fed;

From them let us learn
To trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting
Shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written,
"The Lord will provide."

3 His call we obey,
Like Abram of old,
Not knowing our way;
But faith makes us bold:
For though we are strangers
We have a good Guide,
And trust, in all dangers,
"The Lord will provide."

4 When Satan appears,
Obstructing our path,
And fills us with fears,
We triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us
Though oft he has tried:
This heart-warming promise –
"The Lord will provide."

5 No strength of our own,
Or goodness we claim;
Yet, since we have known
The Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tower
For safety we hide,
Almighty His power:
"The Lord will provide."

John Newton, 1725-1807

240

Heb 12:7

77.77.D

'Tis my happiness below
To encounter many ' cross,

But the Saviour's pow'r to
know,
Sanctifying every loss:
Tri'als must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all.
This is happiness to me.

2 God in Zion sows the seeds,
Of affliction, pain and toil;
These spring up, and choke
the weeds,
Which would overspread the
soil:

Tri'als make the promise
sweet,
Tri'als give new life to pray'r;
Tri'als bring me to His feet,
Lay me low, and keep me
there.

3 Did I meet no tri'als here,
No reproof along the way,
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a castaway?
Some, it seems, escape the
rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true-born child of God,
Must not, would not, if he
might.

William Cowper, 1731-1800

241

2 Chr 14:11

11.10.11.10

We rest on You our Shield
and our Defender!
We go not forth alone against
the foe;

Strong in Your strength, safe
in Your keeping tender,
We rest on You, and in Your
name we go.

2 Yes, in Your name, O
Captain of salvation!
In Your dear name, all other
names above:
Jesus our Righteousness, our
sure foundation,
Our Prince of glory and our
King of love.

3 We go in faith, our own
great weakness feeling,
And needing more each day
Your grace to know:
Yet from our hearts a song of
tri'umph pealing;
We rest on You, and in Your
name we go.

4 We rest on You our Shield
and our Defender!
Yours is the battle, Yours shall
be the praise;
When passing through the
gates of pearly splendour,
Victors we rest with You,
through endless days.

Edith G Cherry 1872-97

242

1 Pet 3:12

87.87.87.87

What a Friend we have in
Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry

Everything to God in pray'r!
O what peace we often forfeit!
O what needless pain we bear!
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in pray'r.

2 Have we tri'als and
temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be
discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in pray'r!
Can we find a Friend so
faithful,
Who will all our sorrows
share?
Jesus knows our every
weakness;
Take it to the Lord in pray'r.

3 Are we weak and
heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our
refuge!
Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Do your friends despise,
forsake you?
Take it to the Lord in pray'r;
In His arms He'll take and
shield you,
You will find a solace there.

Joseph Medlicott Scriven, 1820-86

243

Ps 61

SM

When overwhelmed with
grief,

My heart in sorrow lies,
Helpless, and far from all
relief:
To heav'n I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the rock
Of gracious, kindly aid;
And make the covert of Your
wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within Your presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
You mighty tow'r of my
defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 With all who fear Your
name,
My heritage is sure;
An undeserved and bless'ed
life
In heav'n for evermore.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

244

John 14:27

11.8.11.9

When peace like a river,
accomp'nies my way,
When sorrows, like sea
billows, roll;
Whatever my lot, You have
taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my
soul.

*It is well with my soul;
It is well, it is well with my
soul.*

2 Though Satan should buffet,
though tri'als should come,
Let this blest assurance
control,
That Christ has regarded my
helpless estate,
And has shed His own blood
for my soul.

3 My sin – O the bliss of this
glorious thought! –
My sin, not in part, but the
whole,
Is nailed to His cross, and I
bear it no more:
Praise the Lord, praise the
Lord, O my soul!

4 But Lord, 'tis for You, for
Your coming, we wait,
The sky, not the grave, is our
goal;
O trump of the angel! O voice
of the Lord!
Bless'ed hope! bless'ed rest of
my soul!

Horatio Gates Stafford, 1828-88

245

2 Cor 2:14

SM

Why should I sorrow more?

I trust a Saviour slain,
And safe beneath His
shelt'ring cross
Unmoved I shall remain.

2 Let Satan and the world,
Ever my heart allure;
The promises in Christ are
made
Unchangeable and sure.

3 The oath infallible
Is now my spirit's trust;
I know that He who spoke the
word,
Is faithful, true, and just.

4 He'll bring me on my way
Unto my journey's end;
He'll be my Father and my
God,
My Saviour and my Friend.

5 So all my doubts and fears
Shall wholly flee away,
And every mournful night of
tears
Be turned to joyous day.

6 All that remains for me
Is but to love and sing,
And wait until the angels
come
To bear me to the King.

William Williams, 1717-91
Charles Haddon Spurgeon, 1834-92

5 Special Occasions

5.1 Christ's Birth

246

Lk 2:20

66.77.78.55

All Christians now, rejoice
With heart and soul and voice;
Celebrate with us, and sing
Praise to Jesus Christ our
King.

Like the shepherds let us now
In humble adoration bow.
Christ is born our King!
Christ is born our King!

2 All Christians now, rejoice
With heart and soul and voice;
God has kept His promise
true,

Came sin's damage to undo.
Heaven's gate to open wide
For all who in His Son confide.
Praise Him for Christ's birth!
Praise Him for Christ's birth!

3 All Christians now, rejoice
With heart and soul and voice;
Fear not now the dreaded
grave,

Jesus Christ was born to save!
Came to conquer death's
domain,

To link life back to God again.
Christ was born to save!
Christ was born to save!

John Goris, 1937-

247

Lk 17:21

88.88.D

All glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be
restored!

O Jesus, exalted on high,
Appear our omnipotent Lord!
Who meanly in Bethlehem
born,

Did stoop to redeem a lost
race,

Once more to Your creatures
return,

And reign in Your kingdom of
grace.

2 When You in our flesh did
appear,

All nature acknowledged Your
birth;

Arrived the acceptable year,
And heaven was opened on
earth;

Receiving its Lord from above,
The world was united to bless
The Giver of mercy and love,
The Prince and the Author of
peace.

3 O come, and to us be made
known!

Again, in the Spirit, descend;
Set up in the hearts of Your
own

A kingdom that never shall
end.
You only are able to bless,
And make rebel sinners obey;
Now bid human enmity cease,
And bow countless souls to
Your sway.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88

248

Mt 2:2

87.87.47

Angels, from the realms of
glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the
earth;
You who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:

*Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn
King.*

2 Shepherds, in the field
abiding,
Watching o'er their flocks by
night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light:

3 Sages, leave your
contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of
nations;
You have seen His natal star:

4 Saints, before the altar
bending,

Watching long in hope and
fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending
In His temple shall appear:

5 Sinners, wrung with true
repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless
pains,
Justice now revokes the
sentence,
Mercy calls you – break your
chains:

James Montgomery, 1771-1854

249

Lk 2:10

10.10.10.10.10.10

Christians, awake, salute the
happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of
mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of
love
Which hosts of angels chanted
from above!
With them the joyful tidings
first begun
Of God incarnate, of the
virgin's Son.

2 Then to the watchful
shepherds it was told,
Who heard the ang'lic herald's
voice, 'Behold,
I bring good tidings of a
Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations
upon earth;

This day has God fulfilled His
promised word,
This day is born a Saviour,
Christ the Lord.'

3 He spoke; and straightway
the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown
before, conspire;
The praises of redeeming love
they sang,
And heav'n's whole orb with
hallelujahs rang;
God's highest glory was their
anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto
men goodwill.

4 Then may we hope, the
ang'lic hosts among,
To join, redeemed, a glad
triumphant throng:
He that was born upon this
joyful day
Around us all His glory shall
display;
Saved by His love, incessant
we shall sing
Eternal praise to heav'n's
Almighty King.

John Byrom, 1692-1763

250

Hag 2:7

87.87.87

Earth was waiting, spent and
restless,
With a mingled hope and fear;
And the faithful few were
sighing,

'Surely, Lord, the day is near;
The Desire of all the nations,
It is time He should appear.'

2 In the sacred courts of Zion,
Where the Lord had His
abode,
There the money-changers
trafficked,
And the sheep and oxen trod;
And the world by earthly
wisdom
Knew not either Lord or God.

3 Then the Spirit of the
Highest
To a virgin meek came down,
And He burdened her with
blessing,
And He pained her with
renown;
For she bare the Lord's
Anointed,
For His cross and for His
crown.

4 Earth for Him had groaned
and travailed
Since the ages first began;
For in Him was hid the secret
That through all the ages ran:
Son of Promise, Son of David,
Son of God, and Son of Man.

Walter Chalmers Smith, 1824-1908

251

John 1:3

LM

Ere the blue heav'ns were
stretched abroad,

From everlasting was the
Word:
With God He was; the Word
was God,
And must as God be here
adored.

2 By His own pow'r were all
things made;
By Him supported all things
stand;
He is the whole creation's
Head,
And angels fly at His
command.

3 Ere sin was born, or Satan
fell,
He led the host of morning
stars;
His generation who can tell,
Or count the number of His
years?

4 But see, He leaves His home
above,
A body takes on earth below,
That He may show His
glorious love,
And save us from our guilt
and woe.

5 Mortals with joy beheld His
face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son;
How full of Truth! how full of
grace!
When through His eyes the
Godhead shone!

6 Archangels leave their high
abode

To learn new myst'ries here,
and tell
The love of our descending
God,
The glories of Immanuel.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

252

Lk 2:11

77.77.D

Hark! the herald angels sing,
'Glory to the newborn King!
Peace on earth, and mercy
mild,
God and sinners reconciled.'
Joyful, all you nations, rise,
Join the tri'umph of the skies;
With the ang'elic host
proclaim,
'Christ is born in Bethlehem!'

*Hark! the herald angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King!'*

2 Christ, by highest heav'n
adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb!
Veiled in flesh the Godhead
see;
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with men to
dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

3 Hail, the heav'n-born Prince
of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!

Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with His healing springs.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may
die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second
birth.

4 Come, Desire of nations,
come,
Fix in us Your humble home:
Rise, the woman's conq'ring
Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's
head!
Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp Your image in its place;
The last Adam, from above,
Give Your life, reveal Your
love.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88 alt

253

Ps 98

CM

Joy to the world! the Lord
has come;
Let earth receive her King,
Let every heart prepare Him
room,
And heav'n and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour
reigns;
Let us our songs employ;
While fields and streams, and
hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and
sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His
blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with
truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His
righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

254

Phil 2:8

66.66.88

Let earth and heav'n
combine,
Angels and men agree,
To praise in songs divine
Th' incarnate Deity;
Our God contracted to a span,
Incomprehensibly made man.

2 He laid His glory by,
He wrapped Him in our clay;
Unmarked by human eye,
The latent Godhead lay;
Infant of days He here
became,
And bore the mild Immanuel's
name.

3 Unsearchable the love
That has the Saviour brought;
Such grace is far above
Mankind's or angel's thought:

Suffice for us that God, we
know,
Our God, is manifest below.

4 He deigns in flesh to 'ppear,
Widest extremes to join;
To bring our vileness near,
And make us all divine:
And we the life of God shall
know,
For God is manifest below.

5 Made perfect first in love,
And sanctified by grace,
We shall from earth remove,
And see His glorious face:
Then shall His love be fully
shown,
And man shall then be lost in
God.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88

255

Rev 5:12

LM

Now let us join with hearts
and tongues,
To emulate the angels' songs;
For mortals may address their
King
With songs that angels cannot
sing!

2 They praise the Lamb who
once was slain,
But we must praise in higher
strain;
Not only sing, 'He suffered
thus,'
But, that He suffered all *for us!*

3 Jesus, who passed the
angels by,
Assumed our flesh, to bleed
and die;
And still He makes it His
abode;
As man, He fills the throne of
God.

4 Our next of kin, our Brother
now,
Is He to Whom the angels
bow;
They join with us to praise His
name,
But we the nearest interest
claim.

5 But O, how faint our praises
rise!
This is the wonder of the skies,
That we, who share His
richest love,
So cold and unconcerned
should prove.

6 O glorious hour! it comes
with speed,
When we from sin and
darkness freed,
Shall see the God who died for
man,
And praise Him more than
angels can.

John Newton, 1725-1807

256

Isa 9:6

98.98.D

O Christ-child, come to earth
from heaven;

O Counselor most wonderful,
O Mighty God, eternal Father.
O Prince of Peace surpassing
all,
Enlighten those who walk in
darkness,
Bring forth the prisoner of
gloom,
Enter our lives with heav'nly
gladness,
Deliver us from certain doom.

2 A Child is born! Sing
Hallelujah!
To us a royal Son is giv'n.
The government is on His
shoulders.
His name befits the Lord from
heav'n.
He came to bring a lasting
kingdom,
Restoring David's righteous
throne,
Securing it with peace and
justice;
Hosanna! Praise to Him alone!

3 Immanuel! It's truly
happened
That God with man on earth
would dwell.
The Lord of all became a
servant,
An Infant named Immanuel!
O miracle beyond all grasping,
O mercy, measureless and
mild,
What awe-inspiring gracious
action!
Come and adore this
Christmas Child!

John Goris, 1937-

257

Lk 2:11

66.10.56+

O come, all you faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come now, O come now to
Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him,
Born the King of angels:

*O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord!*

2 O praise the God of God
Light of light eternal,
For lo, He abhors not the
virgin's womb;
He who is true God,
B'gotten, not created:

3 O sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all the citizens of heav'n
above;
Glory to our God,
Glory in the highest:

4 Yes, our Lord, we greet You,
Born this happy morning,
O Jesus, to You now be all
glory;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:

From the Latin 17th century
tr Frederick Oakeley, 1802-80*

258

Phil 2:10 11.10.11.10.11.10.+

O holy night! the stars are
 brightly shining,
It is the night of the dear
 Saviour's birth!
Long lay the world in sin and
 darkness pining,
Till He appeared, gift of
 infinite worth!
Behold the Babe in yonder
 manger lowly,
'Tis God's own Son come
 down in human form:
Fall on your knees before the
 Lord most holy!
O night divine, O night when
 Christ was born!
O night divine, O night, O
 night divine!

2 With humble hearts we bow
 in adoration
Before this Child, gift of God's
 matchless love,
Sent from on high to purchase
 our salvation,
That we might dwell with Him
 ever above.
What grace untold, to leave
 the bliss of glory
And die for sinners guilty and
 forlorn:
Fall on your knees! Repeat the
 wondrous story!
O night divine, O night when
 Christ was born!
O night divine, O night, O
 night divine!

3 O day of joy, when in eternal
 splendour
He shall return in His glory to
 reign,
When every tongue due praise
 to Him shall render,
His pow'r and might to all
 nations proclaim!
A thrill of hope our longing
 hearts rejoices,
For soon shall dawn that glad
 eternal morn:
Fall on your knees! With joy
 lift up your voices!
O night divine, O night when
 Christ was born!
O night divine, O night, O
 night divine!

John S Dwight, 1813-93
Revised by Avis B Christiansen

259

Mt 1:23

8676.7686

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see you lie;
Above your deep and
 dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in your dark streets
 shining
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the
 years
Are met in you tonight.

2 For Christ is born of Ma_ry,
And gathered all above;

While mortals sleep, the
angels keep
Their watch of wondering
love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the
King,
And peace to men on earth.

3 How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is giv'n
So God imparts to human
hearts
The blessings of His heav'n.
No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive
Him still
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel.

Phillips Brooks, 1835-93

260

Ps 8

CM

O Lord, our Lord, how high,
how great
Is Your exalted name!

The glories of Your heav'nly
state
Let men and babes proclaim.

2 When I behold Your works
on high,
The moon that rules the night,
The stars that well adorn the
sky,
Those moving worlds of light.

3 Lord, what is man, or all his
race,
Who dwells so far below,
That You should visit him with
grace,
And love his nature so?

4 That Your eternal Son
should bear
To take a mortal form;
Made lower than His angels
are,
To save a dying worm!

5 Let Him be crowned with
majesty,
Who bowed His head to
death;
And be His honours sounded
high,
By all things that have breath.

6 Jesus, our Lord, how high,
how great
Is Your exalted name!
The glories of Your heav'nly
state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

261

Phil 2:7

87.87.77

Once in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger for His bed.
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

2 He came down to earth from
heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all;
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall:
With the poor, and mean, and
lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour
holy.

3 And through all His
wondrous childhood
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly
mother
In whose gentle arms He lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's
pattern:
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak, and
helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He
knew;
And He feels for our sadness,
And He shares in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see
Him,

Through His own redeeming
love;
For that Child so dear and
gentle
Is our Lord in heav'n above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly
stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him, but in
heaven,
Set at God's right hand on
high,
When, like stars, His children
crowned,
All in white shall wait around.

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1818-95

262

Isa 9:2-7

CM

The race that long in
darkness pined
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who
dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

2 To hail Your rise, You better
Sun,
The gath'ring nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers
bear
The harvest treasures home.

3 To us a Child of hope is
born,

To us a Son is giv'n;
Him shall the tribes of earth
obey,
And all the hosts of heav'n.

4 His name shall be the Prince
of Peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the
Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

5 His pow'r increasing still
shall spread;
His reign no end shall know:
Justice shall guard His throne
above,
And peace abound below.

John Morison, 1749-98

263

Mt 2:11

87.87

What Child is this, who, laid
to rest,
On Mary's lap is sleeping?
Whom angels greet with
anthems sweet,
While shepherds watch are
keeping?

*This, this is Christ the King,
Whom shepherds guard and
angels sing:*

*Haste, haste to bring Him
praise,
The Babe, the Son of Mary.*

2 Why lies He in so mean a
state
Where ox and ass are feeding?
O Christians, fear: for sinners
here

The silent Word is pleading.

3 So bring Him incense, gold
and myrrh,
Come, peasant, king, to own
Him,
The King of kings salvation
brings,
Let loving hearts enthrone
Him.

William Chatterton Dix, 1837-98*

264

Lk 2:8-14

CM

While shepherds watched
their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came
down,
And glory shone around.

2 'Fear not,' said he, for
mighty dread
Had seized their troubled
mind;
'Glad tidings of great joy I
bring
To you and all mankind.

3 'To you, in David's town, this
day,
Is born, of David's line,

A Saviour, who is Christ the
Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 'The heav'nly Babe you there
shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in
swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid.'

5 Thus spoke the seraph; and
forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who
thus
Addressed their joyful song:

6 'All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace;
Goodwill henceforth from
heav'n to men
Begin and never cease.'

Nahum Tate, 1652-1715

265

2 Cor 8:9

98.98.98

You who were rich beyond
all splendour,
All for love's sake did become
poor;

Thrones for a manger did
surrender,
Sapphire-paved courts for
stable floor.
You who were rich beyond all
splendour,
All for love's sake did become
poor.

2 You who are God beyond all
praising,
All for love's sake did become
Man;
Stooping so low, but sinners
raising
Heav'nwards by Your eternal
plan.
You who are God beyond all
praising,
All for love's sake did become
Man.

3 You who are love beyond all
telling,
Saviour and King, we worship
You.
Immanuel, within us dwelling,
By Your own pow'r our lives
renew.
You who are love beyond all
telling,
Saviour and King, we worship
You.

Frank Houghton, 1894-1972*

5.2 Baptism (Also 4.1; 4.2)

266

Col 2:12

LM

Buried with Christ! Our glad
hearts say

Come see the place where
once He lay.

Risen with Him! Allured by
love,
Henceforth we seek the things
above.

2 Walking with Him! A life
how blest,
Strengthened with might, girt
round with rest!

In Him abiding! Living Vine,
We too would bear the fruit
divine.

3 For Him enduring! Pain and
loss
Are but the shadow of His
cross.

By Him victorious! Smile or
frown,
We march right onward to a
crown.

William W Sidey, 1856-1909

267

Eph 1:13

LM

Come, Holy Spirit, Dove
divine,

On these baptismal waters
shine,
And teach our hearts in
highest strain
To praise the Lamb for sinners
slain.

2 We love Your name, we love
Your laws,
And joyfully embrace Your
cause,
We love Your cross, the shame,
the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners
slain.

3 And as we rise with You to
live,
O let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from
above,
The breath of life, the fire of
love.

Adoniram Judson, 1788-1850

268

2 Cor 8:5

LM

Glory to God, whose Spirit
draws
Fresh soldiers to the Saviour's
cause,
Who thus, baptized into His
name,
His goodness and their faith
proclaim.

2 For these now added to the
host,
Who in their Lord and Saviour
boast,
And consecrate to Him their
days,
Accept, O God, our grateful
praise.

3 Thus may Your mighty Spirit
draw
All here to love and keep His
law;
Themselves His subjects to
declare
And place themselves beneath
His care.

4 Lead them at once their
Lord to own,
To glory in His cross alone;
And then, baptized, His truth
to teach,
His love to share, His heav'n
to reach.

Baptist W Noel, 1799-1873

269

Acts 8:36

CM

In all my Lord's appointed
ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, you
much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames,
if Jesus leads,

I'll follow where He goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my
cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duty, and through
tri'als too,
I'll go at His command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls
me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not, come,
welcome death,
For my Lord awaits me.

John Ryland, 1753-1825*

270

Mt 3:16

87.87

New-born souls who taste
salvation
Through the Lord's redeeming
blood
Hear His voice of revelation,
"Tread the path the Saviour
trod."

2 Jesus says, 'Let each believer
Be baptised into My name,'
As He went through Jordan's
river,
There immersed beneath the
stream.

3 Follow Him, our only
Saviour,
In His Word alone confide;

In the whole of our behaviour
Own Him as our sov'reign
Guide.

4 Plainly, here, His footsteps
tracing,
Follow Him without delay,
Gladly His commands
embracing,
As our Saviour led the way.

5 View the act with
understanding,

'Tis a grave before us lies,
Buried there at His
commanding,
Then in newness to arise.

6 Symbol of a life now over,
Sin and darkness left behind;
Figure of new life and power,
And new birth in heart and
mind.

John Fawcett, 1739-1817 alt

5.3 The Lord's Supper (Also 2; 4.2; 4.3; 4.4)

271

John 20:19

LM

Amidst us our Belov'd
stands,
And bids us view His pierc'd
hands;
Points to His wounded feet
and side,
Blest emblems of the
Crucified.

2 What food luxurious loads
the board,
When at His table sits the
Lord!
The wine how rich, the bread
how sweet,
When Jesus deigns the guests
to meet!

3 If now, with eyes defiled and
dim,
We see the signs but see not
Him,
O may His love the scales
displace,
And bid us see Him face to
face!

4 O glorious Bridegroom of
our hearts,
Your present smile a heav'n
imparts:
O lift the veil, if veil there be,
Let every saint Your beauties
see!

Charles Haddon Spurgeon, 1834-92

272

1 Cor 11:26

888.4

By Christ redeemed, in Christ
restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our
dear Lord
Until He comes.

2 Body of His broken instead
Is seen in this memorial bread,
And so our feeble love is fed
Until He comes.

3 Tokens of dying agony,
His life-blood shed for us, we
see,
The cup shall tell the mystery
Until He comes.

4 And thus that dark betrayal
night
With the last advent we unite,
By one blest chain of loving
rite,
Until He comes.

5 Until the trump of God be
heard,
Until the ancient graves be
stirred,
And with the great
commanding word
The Lord then comes.

6 O bless'd hope! with this
elate,

Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in
 patience wait
Until He comes.

George Rawson, 1807-89

273

1 Cor 15:26 87.87.887

Christ Jesus lay in death's
 strong bands
For our offences given;
But now at God's right hand
 He stands,
And brings us life from
 heaven;
Let us give thanks and joyful
 be,
And to our God sing gratefully
Loud songs of hallelujah!

2 It was a strange and
 dreadful strife
When life and death
 contended;
The victory was gained for
 life,
The reign of death was ended;
Stripped of its pow'r, no more
 it reigns:
An empty form alone remains;
Its sting is lost for ever.

3 Let us obey the gracious call
By which the Lord invites us;
Christ is Himself the Joy of all,
The Sun who warms and
 lights us;
In love and mercy He imparts

Eternal sunshine to our hearts;
The night of sin is ended.

4 Let us His people feast this
 day
On the true Bread of heaven.
The word of grace has purged
 away
The old, corrupted leaven;
Now Christ alone our souls
 will feed,
He is our meat and drink
 indeed,
Faith lives upon no other.

Martin Luther, 1483-1546
tr Richard Massie, 1800-87

274

John 20:26

CM

How sweet and awesome is
 the place
With Christ within the doors,
Where everlasting love
 displays
The choicest of her stores.

2 Here all the mercy of our
 God
With vast compassion rolls;
And peace and pardon
 through His blood,
Is food for ransomed souls.

3 While all our hearts in pray'r
 and song
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful
 tongue,
'Lord, why was I a guest?'

5. Special Occasions

4 ‘Why was I made to hear
Your voice,
And enter while there’s room,
When thousands make a
wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?’

5 ‘Twas the same love that
spread the feast,
That sweetly drew us in;
Else we had still refused to
taste,
And perished in our sin.

6 Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come;
Send Your victorious word
abroad,
And bring lost sinners home.

7 We long to see Your
churches full,
That all Your chosen race
May, with one voice and heart
and soul,
Sing Your redeeming grace.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

275

Lk 22:14-22

10.10.10.10

We celebrate, O Lord, till
Your return,

The solemn feast of Your
undying love;
And take of bread and cup
while You sojourn,
Rememb’ring You, the living
Lord, above.

2 You gave Your sinless body
on the tree,
We take the bless’ed bread in
memory.
You gave Your precious blood
to set us free:
We take the cup and share
Your victory.

3 O lead us, Lord, that with
this bread from heav’n
We shall be nourished in our
pilgrim way.
O may the cup which in Your
name is giv’n
Quicken our pace toward the
perfect day!

4 And once again You will
with us sit down
To drink anew, when on that
glorious date
You’ll usher in the kingdom
fully grown!
Until You come, O Lord, we
celebrate!

John Goris, 1937-

5.4 Marriage (Also 1; 2; 3; 4.2)

276

1 Cor 13:4-7

88.88.6

Creator-God who long ago
 Made man and wife, and
 bound them both
 In deepest bond, with purest
 love,
 Grant now Your blessing from
 above
 To bride and groom below.

2 May theirs be love that's
 patient, kind,
 That's neither rude nor
 self-inclined;
 A love rejoicing with the truth,
 That trusts and hopes and
 keeps its youth;
 Love born of Christlike mind.

3 O may theirs be a faith that's
 shared,
 That lives, forgives, and is not
 scared;
 A faith that follows Christ
 along,
 That flowers into frequent
 song;
 For hardship well-prepared.

4 May theirs be hope, firm to
 the end,
 That holds through every kind
 of trend;
 A hope that's sure God knows
 the way,
 And that enables them to say:

'On the Lord we depend!'

John Goris, 1937-

277

1 Pet 3:7

87.87.47

Grant, O Lord, our pure
 petition
 On this union here to stay;
 Give Your gracious
 benediction
 On this covenant today.
 Days of gladness,
 In their pilgrimage with You.

2 Dear Lord Jesus, guest of
 honour,
 Take Your place, adorn with
 grace,
 With Your presence and Your
 favour
 This occasion – now embrace.
 Precious moments,
 When the feast is filled with
 You.

3 O how wondrous is Your
 guidance,
 Through the winding ways of
 life;
 Looking at Your constant
 count'nance,
 Every step in joy or strife.
 O such friendship,
 Resting in Your tender care.

4 Bless'ed Jesus in Your mercy
Seal these promises with
pow'r;
Sweetest union, now with
beauty,
Sanctify this solemn hour.
Glorious cov'nant,
God ordained for all mankind.

William Vernon Higham, 1926-2016

278

Ps 128

LM

How blest are they who fear
the Lord
And walk by His unerring
word;
Their labours meet with great
success,
And all their days see
happiness.

2 Family blessings will be
found
With those who love the
gospel's sound;
Kindred shall bow their hearts
to grace,
And taste God's mercy, pow'r
and peace.

3 O may our homes and lives
abide
Beneath the smile of our dear
Guide;
To serve His cause let us
aspire,
Be this our first and best
desire.

4 Within His kingdom shall
the Lord
Bless with the comforts of His
word,
Grant us – and ours – to see
and know
The good of Zion here below.

5 On shall we go from
strength to strength,
Till heav'n's bright morning
breaks at length,
And calls to that sublime
reward:
How blest are they who fear
the Lord!

Evangelical Psalter

279

John 2:1

CM

Lord, who at Cana did
appear
To bless a marriage feast,
Grant us Your gracious
presence here;
Come, O our Sov'reign Guest!

2 Upon the bridal pair look
down,
Who now have joined their
hands;
Their union with Your favour
crown,
And bless their marriage
bands.

3 With grace divine their
hearts endow,

Of all rich gifts the best!
Their substance bless, and
peace bestow
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their souls
unite,
That they, with Chirstian care,
May make domestic budens
light,
By taking mutual share.

5 Through life their every step
attend
With tokens of Your love;
And, having reached their
journey's end,
Complete their bliss above.

John Berridge, 1716-93

280

Eph 5:25

11.10.11.10

O perfect Love, all human
thought transcending,
Lowly we come in pray'r
before Your throne,
That theirs may be the love
which knows no ending

Whom You for evermore do
join in one.

2 O perfect Life, be You their
full assurance,
Grant tender love and loyal,
steadfast faith;
Give patient hope, and quiet,
brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears
not pain or death.

3 Grant them the joy which
brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which
calms all earthly strife;
And to life's day the glorious
unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love
and life.

4 Hear us, O Father, gracious
and forgiving,
Through Jesus Christ, Your
co-eternal Word,
Who, with the Holy Spirit
everliving,
Now, and to endless ages are
adored.

Dorothy Frances Gurney, 1858-1932

5.5 Dismission; Parting; Doxology (Also 4.2; 4.3; 4.4; 4.5)

281

Rev 22:12

SM

And though our bodies part,
To distant lands we go;
Inseparably joined in heart
Are friends of Jesus so.

2 O, let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And, foll'wing our triumphant
Head,
To farther conquests go!

3 The vineyard of the Lord
Before His labourers lies;
And lo! we see the vast
reward
Which waits us in the skies.

4 Where all our toils are o'er
Our suff'ring and our pain!
Who meet on that eternal
shore
Shall never part again.

5 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each
other's face,
And all our brethren greet.

6 The church of the first-born,
We shall with them be blest,
And, crowned with endless
joy, return
To our eternal rest.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

282

Acts 4:32

CM

Blest be the dear uniting
love,
That will not let us part;
Our presence may far off
remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one Spirit to our
Head,
Where He appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps
tread,
And show His praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing
esteem,
But Jesus crucified!

4 Partakers of the Saviour's
grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time,
nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

5 So let us hasten to the day
Which shall our bond restore,
When death shall all be done
away,
And we shall part no more.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88

283

1 John 1:7

SM

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred
minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent pray'rs;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims
are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathising tear.

4 When for a while we part,
This thought will soothe our
pain,
That we shall still be joined in
heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation
lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and
friendship reign
Through all eternity.

John Fawcett, 1739-1817

284

1 Cor 16:23

77.77

For a season called to part,
Let us then ourselves
commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble
pray'r,
Tender Shepherd of Your
sheep;
Let Your mercy and Your care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In Your strength may we be
strong!
Sweeten every cross and pain,
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

4 Then, for all Your love
outpoured,
We shall join in pray'r and
praise;
And our souls shall bless the
Lord
Who has watched o'er all our
ways.

John Newton, 1725-1807

285

Acts 20:327

98.89.+

God be with you till we meet
again!

By His counsels guide, uphold
you,
With His sheep securely fold
you;
God be with you till we meet
again!

*Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet
again!*

2 God be with you till we
meet again!
'Neath His wings securely hide
you,
Daily manna still provide you;
God be with you till we meet
again!

3 God be with you till we
meet again;
When life's perils thick
confound you,
Put His loving arms around
you;
God be with you till we meet
again!

4 God be with you till we
meet again!
Keep love's banner floating
o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave
before you;
God be with you till we meet
again!

Jeremiah E Rankin, 1828-1904

286

Gen 32:26

87.87.47

Grant us, Lord, some
gracious token
Of Your love before we part;
Crown Your word which has
been spoken,
Life and peace to each impart!
And all blessings
Which shall sanctify the heart.

2 God of our salvation, hear
us;
Bless, O bless us, ere we go:
When we join the world, be
near us,
Lest Your people careless
grow:
Saviour, keep us,
Keep us safe from every foe.

3 As our steps are drawing
nearer
To our blest and lasting home,
May our view of heav'n grow
clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to
come;
And when dying,
May Your presence cheer the
gloom.

Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855
John Rippon, 1751-1836

287

Rm 11:33

88.88

How good is the God we
adore,

Our faithful, unchangeable
Friend!
His love is as great as His
pow'r
And knows neither measure
nor end!

2 'Tis Jesus the First and the
Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us
safe home;
We'll praise Him for all that is
past;
We'll trust Him for all that's to
come.

Joseph Hart, 1712-68

288

Num 6:24 87.87.47

Lord, dismiss us with Your
blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and
peace;
Let us each, Your love
possessing,
Tri'umph in redeeming grace;
O, refresh us,
Trav'ling through this
wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and
adoration,
For Your gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Your
salvation
In our hearts and lives
abound:
May Your presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's
given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to
heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless
day.

John Fawcett, 1739-1817

289

2 Cor 13:14 87.87

May the grace of Christ our
Saviour,
And the Father's boundless
love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet
communion,
Joys which earth cannot
afford.

John Newton, 1725-1807

290

Ps 117 LM

Praise God, from whom all
blessings flow,
In heav'n above and earth
below;
Praise God the Father, God the
Son,
And God the Spirit
Three-in-One.

Thomas Ken, 1637-1711*

5.6 Death (Also 4.1; 4.2; 4.4; 4.5)

291

Lk 24:29

10.10.10.10

Abide with me: fast falls the
eventide;
The darkness deepens: Lord,
with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and
comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide
with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out
life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its
glories pass away;
Change and decay in all
around I see:
O Lord who changes not,
abide with me.

3 I need Your presence every
passing hour;
What but Your grace can foil
the tempter's pow'r?
Who like Yourself my guide
and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine,
O abide with me.

4 I fear no foe, with You at
hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears
no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where,
grave, your victory?
I tri'umph still if You abide
with me.

5 Keep, Lord, Your cross
before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and
point me to the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks, and
earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide
with me.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847

292

Ps 23:4

SM

Behold, the gloomy vale
Which you, my soul, must
tread,
Crowded with terrors, fierce
and pale,
And leading to the dead!

2 And you, my fleshly 'clay,'
Long partner of my cares,
In this rough path are torn
away
With pain, regret and tears.

3 But, lo, a flood of light,
With splendours all divine,
Breaks through those doleful
realms of night
To make the valley shine.

4 Where death and darkness
reign,
My Saviour is my stay;

He shall my trembling soul
sustain,
And guard me all the way.

5 Blest Saviour, lead me on;
How can I yield to fear?
Death's fearsome savours all
are flown
When You, O Lord, are near.

Philip Doddridge, 1702-51

293

1 Pet 1:3-5

CM

Blest be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord!
Be His abounding mercy
praised,
His majesty adored!

2 When from the dead He
raised His Son,
And called Him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively
hope
That they should never die.

3 What though our inbred sins
require
Our flesh to see the dust;
Yet as the Lord our Saviour
rose,
So all His foll'wers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserved against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot fade away.

5 Saints by the pow'r of God
are kept
Till their salvation come;
We walk by faith, as strangers
here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

294

Rev 12:11

CM

Give me the wings of faith to
rise
Within the veil and see
The saints above, how great
their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourners
here below
And poured out cries and
tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do
now,
With sins and doubts and
fears.

3 I ask them whence their
vict'ry came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the
Lamb,
Their tri'umph to His death.

4 They marked the footsteps
that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, foll'wing their incarnate
God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims
our praise
For His own pattern giv'n;
While the long cloud of
witnesses
Show the same path to heav'n.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

295

Rev 21:4

LM

God of my life, through all
my days
My grateful pow'rs shall sound
Your praise;
My song shall wake with
op'ning light,
And cheer the dark and silent
night.

2 When anxious cares would
break my rest,
And griefs would tear my
troubled breast,
Your tuneful praises, raised on
high,
Shall check the murmur and
the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature
shall prevail,
And all the pow'rs of language
fail,
Joy through my swimming
eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot
speak.

4 But O, when that last
conflict's o'er
And I am chained to earth no
more,
With what glad accents shall I
rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn th' exalted
strains
Which echo through the
heav'nly plains;
And emulate, with joy
unknown,
The glowing seraphs round
the throne.

6 This cheerful tribute will I
give
Long as a deathless soul shall
live;
A work so sweet, a theme so
high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

Philip Doddridge, 1702-51

296

Rev 22:5

CM

On Jordan's stormy banks I
stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy
land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O, the transporting,
rapt'rous scene
That rises to my sight!

Sweet fields arrayed in living
green,
And rivers of delight!

3 O'er all those wide extended
plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever
reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, or
pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful
shore:
Sickness and sorrow, pain and
death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that
happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's
face,
And in His presence rest?

6 Filled with delight, my
raptured soul
Can here no longer stay;
When Jordan's waves around
me roll,
I'll, fearless, launch away.

Samuel Stennett, 1727-95

297

John 14:2

66.66

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er –

I'm nearer home today
Than I have been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house
Where many mansions be,
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down,
Where pilgrims end their road,
And victors gain their crown.

4 But lying dark between,
And winding through the
night,
Rolls deep that unknown
stream
That leads at last to light.

5 O, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink,
If I am nearer home,
Nearer than now I think.

6 Saviour, in whom I trust,
Perfect my feeble faith,
That I may bravely cross
That unknown stream of
death!

Phoebe Cary, 1824-71

298

1 Thess 4:16-17

88.88.88

We sing His love who once
was slain,
Who soon o'er death revived
again,

That all His saints through
Him might have
Eternal conquests o'er the
grave.

*Soon shall the Lord return, and
we
Shall rise to immortality.*

2 The saints who now in Jesus
sleep,
His own almighty pow'r shall
keep,
Till dawns the bright
illustrious day,
When death itself shall die
away.

3 How loud shall our glad
voices sing,
When Christ His risen saints
shall bring
From beds of dust and silent
clay,
To realms of everlasting day!

4 When Jesus we in glory
meet,
Our utmost joys shall be
complete,
When landed on that heav'nly
shore,
Death and the curse will be no
more!

5 Hasten, dear Lord, the
glorious day,
And this delightful scene
display;
When all Your saints from
death shall rise,

Raptured in bliss beyond the
skies.

Rowland Hill, 1744-1833

299

Ps 17:14-15

LM

What sinners value, I resign:
Lord, 'tis enough that You are
mine;
I shall behold Your blissful
face,
And stand complete in
righteousness.

2 Life is a dream, an empty
show;
But that bright world to which
I go
Has joys substantial and
sincere;
When shall I wake in wonder
there?

3 O glorious hour! O blest
abode!
I shall be near and like my
God;
And flesh and sin no more
control
The sacred pleasures of my
soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the
ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful
sound,
Then burst its chains with
sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image
rise.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

300

Phil 1:23

CM

Why do we mourn
departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus
sends
To call them to His arms.

2 Why should we tremble to
convey
Our dear ones to the tomb?
Where once our mighty
Saviour lay
To take away its gloom.

3 The grave of every saint is
blest,

A place of vict'ry made,
A symbol of triumphant rest
Where burdens are all laid.

4 Far from this world of toil
and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of this mortal life
End in a great reward.

5 Break from God's throne,
illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth, God's word!
When from the grave a
glorious form
Ascends to meet the Lord!

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

The Apostles' Creed

We believe in God, the Father almighty, creator of heaven and earth.

We believe in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Spirit and born of the virgin Mary.

He suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, died, and was buried; He descended to hell.

The third day He rose again from the dead. He ascended to heaven and is seated at the right hand of God the Father almighty. From there He will come to judge the living and the dead.

We believe in the Holy Spirit, the holy catholic* church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting.

Amen.

* universal

Index Of First Lines

Psalm versions are shown in italics. Original versions with significant first-line changes are shown in brackets.

A debtor to mercy alone	146	By Christ redeemed, in Christ	
A mighty fortress is our God	221	restored	272
A sov'reign Protector I have	196		
Abide with me, fast falls the		C hrist Jesus lay in death's	
eventide	291	strong bands	273
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?	121	Christ the Lord is ris'n today!	43
All Christians now, rejoice	246	Christians, awake! salute the	
All glory to God in the sky	247	happy morn	249
All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name!	41	Christians! seek not yet repose	222
All the way my Saviour leads me	147	Come down, O love divine	85
Amazing grace! (how sweet the		Come, gracious Spirit, heav'nly	
sound!)	148	Dove	86
Amidst us our Belov'ed stands	271	Come, Holy Spirit, Dove divine	267
And can it be that I should gain	81	Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove	87
And though our bodies part	281	Come, O Almighty King	3
Angels, from the realms of glory	248	(Come, Thou Almighty King)	
Arise, my soul, arise	149	Come, O Fount of every blessing	88
<i>As pants the deer for cooling</i>		(Come, Thou Fount of every	
<i>streams (Ps 42)</i>	82	blessing)	
<i>(As pants the hart for cooling</i>		Come, O our all-victorious Lord	123
<i>streams)</i>		(Come, O Thou all-victorious	
At the name of Jesus	42	Lord)	
		Come, we who love the Lord	174
B e still my soul, the Lord is on		Come, you sinners, poor and	
your side	150	needy	124
<i>Before Jehovah's awesome throne</i>		Command Your blessing from	
<i>(Ps 100)</i>	1	above	4
Begin my tongue a heav'nly theme	2	Creator-God who long ago	276
Behold, the coming of the days	171	Creator Spirit, by whose aid	89
Behold, we are the salt of the		Crown Him with many crowns	44
earth!	173		
Behold, the gloomy vale	292	D escend from heav'n, immortal	
Behold the mountain of the Lord	172	Dove	197
Beneath the cross of Jesus	122	Descend on us, O heav'nly Dove	90
<i>Blessed are they, supremely</i>		(Descend from heaven, celestial	
<i>blest (Ps 32)</i>	83	Dove)	
Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!	151		
Blest be the dear uniting love	282	E arth was waiting, spent and	
Blest be the everlasting God	293	restless	250
Blest be the tie that binds	283	Ere the blue heav'ns were	
Break now the bread of life	84	stretched abroad	251
(Break Thou the bread of life)		Eternal Spirit! how we bless	91
Buried with Christ! our glad			
hearts say	266		

Index Of First Lines

F acing a task unfinished	175	Have Your own way, Lord	95
Father of mercies, in Your word	92	He who would valiant be	224
For a season called to part	284	He's leading me, O blessed thought	225
For all the saints who from their labours rest	223	(He leadeth me, O blessed thought)	
G ive me a sight, O Saviour	125	Hear, gracious God, a sinner's cry!	128
Give me the wings of faith to rise	294	Heav'nly Father! to whose eye	226
<i>Give to our God immortal praise (Ps 136)</i>	5	<i>High in the heav'ns, eternal God (Ps 36)</i>	11
<i>Glorious is the Lord Most High (Ps 47)</i>	45	Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty	12
<i>Glorious things of you are spoken (Ps 87)</i>	46	Holy Spirit, from on high	96
Glory be to God the Father	6	How beautiful their feet	180
Glory to God, whose Spirit draws	268	(How beauteous are their feet)	
Go forth, O saints, and preach to all the nations	176	<i>How blest are they who fear the Lord (Ps 128)</i>	278
God be with you till we meet again!	285	How good is the God we adore	287
<i>God did plan from eternity (Ps 110)</i>	177	How long have You bestowed Your care	181
God, in the gospel of His Son	93	<i>How pleased and blest was I (Ps 122)</i>	13
God moves in a mysterious way	7	<i>How precious is the book divine (Ps 119:105-112)</i>	97
God of all glory, full of grace	178	How sweet and awesome is the place	274
God of my life, through all my days	295	How sweet, how heavenly is the sight	182
<i>God of unfathomable love (Ps 51)</i>	126	How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	47
<i>God's precepts are righteous and just (Ps 19)</i>	94	I cried with my whole heart, O Lord (Ps 119:145-148)	98
Grant, O Lord, our pure petition	277	I greet You, who my sure Redeemer are	48
Grant us, Lord, some gracious token	286	I hear the welcome voice	129
Great God of wonders, all Your ways	8	I know not why God's wondrous grace	152
<i>Great is the Lord; O greatly praise (Ps 48)</i>	179	I know that my Redeemer lives	49
Great is Your faithfulness, O God my Father	9	<i>I love the Lord who heard my cry (Ps 116)</i>	153
Guide me, Lord, our great Jehovah	198	I serve a risen Saviour	50
(Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah)		I sing th' almighty pow'r of God	14
H allelujah! Let praises ring!	10	<i>I waited for the Lord my God (Ps 40)</i>	15
Hark! the herald angels sing	252	I will sing the wondrous story	154
Have you heard the voice of Jesus	127	<i>I'll praise my Maker while I've breath (Ps 146)</i>	16
		I've found a Friend in Jesus, He's everything to me	51

I've found a Friend, O, such a Friend	52	Lord, we know that You are near us	203
I've found the Pearl of greatest price	53	(Lord, we know Thou art near us)	
In all my Lord's appointed ways	269	<i>Lord, when iniquities abound</i>	
In evil long I took delight	155	(Ps 12)	204
In heav'nly love abiding	156	Lord, who at Cana did appear	279
<i>In times of weakness and of blight</i>		Lord, You're my vision, the King of my heart	159
(Ps 60)	227	(Be Thou my vision, O Lord of my heart)	
J erusalem city of God (Ps 46)	17	Love divine, all love excelling	100
Jerusalem, the golden	199	Low in the grave He lay	60
Jesus is our God and Saviour	54		
<i>Jesus! how my heart is pained</i>		M an of sorrows! what a name	61
(Ps 120)	200	Master, speak! for Your servant hears	229
Jesus, keep me near the cross	201	May the grace of Christ our Saviour	289
Jesus! Lover of my soul	130	Mighty God, while angels bless You	62
Jesus! Redeemer, Saviour, Lord	131	My faith looks up to You	135
<i>Jesus shall reign where'er the sun</i>		My God and Father, while I stray	230
(Ps 72)	55	My God, how yearn I now for You	205
Jesus! the name high over all	56	<i>My God, in whom are all the springs</i> (Ps 57)	206
<i>Joy to the world! the Lord has come</i> (Ps. 98)	253	My God is good, He gave me life in Christ	231
Just as I am, without one plea	132	My hope is built on nothing less	160
		My song is love unknown	63
L amp of our feet, whereby we trace	99	N ew-born souls who taste salvation	270
Let earth and heav'n combine	254	Not what these hands have done	136
<i>Let every creature join and sing</i>		Now in praise let us arise	64
(Ps 148)	18	Now let us join with hearts and tongues	255
<i>Let us sing the King Messiah</i>		Now, O my soul, forget no more	65
(Ps 45)	57	(O thou my soul, forget no more)	
Let Zion in her songs record	58	Now thank we all our God	161
Like a river glorious	157	Now, the sowing and the weeping	232
Look, you saints, the sight is glorious	59		
Loosed from my God, and far removed	133		
<i>Lord God of my salvation</i> (Ps 88)	228		
Lord, dismiss us with Your blessing	288		
Lord, I was blind, I could not see	134		
Lord Jesus, I have promised	158		
(O Jesus, I have promised)			
Lord of the harvest, hear	183		
Lord of the reapers, hear our lowly pleading	184		
<i>Lord of the world we live in</i>			
(Ps 90)	202		
		O Breath of God, breathe on us now	101
		O Christ-child, come to earth from heaven	256
		O come, all you faithful	257

Index Of First Lines

O come, O come, Immanuel	207	One sweetly solemn thought	297
O for a closer walk with God	162	Onward, Christian soldiers	236
O for a glance of heav'nly day	137	Open, Lord, my inward ear	106
O for a thousand tongues to sing	66	Open my eye that I may see	107
O glorious Majesty on high	19	<i>Our God, our help in ages past</i>	
<i>O God, my refuge, hear my cries</i>		<i>(Ps 90)</i>	26
<i>(Ps 55)</i>	233	O'ur God predestined us to	
O happy is the man who hears	102	adoption—	164
O hear the cry of saints below	208	Out of my bondage, sorrow and	
O holy night! the stars are		night	141
brightly shining	258		
<i>O how I love Your holy word</i>		P hysician of my sin-sick soul	142
<i>(Ps 119:65-72)</i>	103	Praise, everlasting praise, be paid	27
O Jesus, full of truth and grace	138	Praise God, from whom all	
O little town of Bethlehem	259	blessings flow	290
O Lord, from whom nothing's		Praise Him! Praise Him! Jesus,	
concealed	139	our blessed Redeemer	71
O Lord my God! When I in		<i>Praise, my soul, the King of heaven</i>	
awesome wonder	20	<i>(Ps 103)</i>	28
<i>O Lord, our Lord, how high, how</i>		Praise to the Lord, the Almighty	29
<i>great (Ps 8)</i>	260	<i>Preserve me, Lord, in time of need</i>	
O love of God, how strong and		<i>(Ps 16)</i>	186
true!	21		
<i>O my soul, wait upon the Lord</i>		R ejoice, rejoice in the Lord	
<i>silently (Ps 62)</i>	234	always	237
O perfect Love, all human		Rejoice, the Lord is King!	72
thought transcending	280	Revive Your work, as in the days	
<i>O praise now the Lord! (Ps 150)</i>	22	gone by	187
<i>(O praise ye the Lord!)</i>		(Revive Thy work, as in the days	
O sacred Head once wounded	235	of yore)	
O Saviour, precious Saviour	67	Revive Your work, O Lord!	108
O servants of God, your Master		Rock of Ages, cleft for me	143
proclaim	23	Round the Lord in glory seated	30
O shrink, my soul, when man in			
sin	140	S earch me, O God! my actions	
O Spirit, how we thank You	104	try	109
O Spirit of the living God	105	See the ransomed millions stand	211
O, the deep, deep love of Jesus!	68	Songs of praise the angels sang	31
O what matchless condescension	24	Sound, sound the truth broad	188
<i>O worship the King (Ps 104)</i>	25	Sovereign Ruler of the skies!	32
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness	185	Speak, Lord, in the stillness	110
Oh, turn my eyes from fleeting		Spirit divine, inspire our pray'r	111
things	209	Spirit of faith, come down	112
On a hill far away stood an old		Spirit of God who moved holy	
rugged cross	69	men	113
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand	296	Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!	238
On mountains and in valleys	163	Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour	
On the wings of faith uprising	70	of pray'r!	165
Once in royal David's city	261		
One day when heaven was filled			
with His praises	210		

MILLENNIUM HYMNS

Sweet is the work, my God, my King (Ps 92) 33

Teach me Your way, O Lord 212
 The church's one foundation 189
 The God of Abraham praise 34
The King of love my Shepherd is (Ps 23) 73
 The Law that once was placed by God 114
 The Lord is King! lift up your voice 35
The Lord my Saviour is my light (Ps 27) 213
 The Lord shall come! the earth shall quake 214
The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want (Ps 23) 74
The mighty God, the Lord, has called (Ps 50) 215
 The race that long in darkness pined 262
 The sands of time are sinking 216
The Saviour who redeemed our souls (Ps 31) 75
 The Song of songs to worship 76
 The Spirit breathes upon the word 115
 The volume of my Father's grace 116
 There is a fountain filled with blood 117
 There is a green hill far away 77
 There is a home with God above 217
 There is a land of pure delight 218
 There's a work for Jesus 190
 This is my Father's world 36
This is the day the Lord has made (Ps 118) 37
 Though troubles assail 239
Through all the changing scenes of life (Ps 34) 38
 'Tis my happiness below 240
 'Tis the church triumphant singing 78
 To God be the glory! Great things He has done! 166
 To Your temple we now go 39
 (To Thy temple I repair)

Wait, O my soul, your Maker's will 40
 We celebrate, O Lord, till Your return 275
 We have an all-sufficient word 118
 We have heard the joyful sound 191
 We have not known You as we ought 167
 We love Your kingdom, Lord 192
 We rest on You our Shield and our Defender 241
 We sing His love who once was slain 298
 We sing the praise of Him who died 79
 We thank You, O Lord, for a Sabbath of rest 193
 Weary of earth, and laden with my sin 144
 What a Friend we have in Jesus 242
 What Child is this, who, laid to rest 263
 What sinners value, I resign 299
When all are sweetly joined (Ps 133) 194
 When any turn from Zion's way 168
 When I survey the wondrous cross 169
When overwhelmed with grief (Ps 61) 243
When pain and weakness bowed His head (Ps 21) 219
 When peace like a river, accompanies my way 244
 When shall I hear the inward voice 119
 When this passing world is done 220
 When we walk with the Lord 170
 While shepherds watched their flocks by night 264
 Who is on the Lord's side 195
 Why do we mourn departing friends 300
 Why should I sorrow more 245
 With broken heart and contrite sigh 145

You who were rich beyond all splendour 265
 (Thou who wast rich beyond all

Index Of First Lines

splendour) Your presence, gracious God, afford	120	Yours be the glory, risen, conq'ring Son	80
--	-----	---	----
